# CHICAGO LEDGER

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## BALANCING UP THE LEDGER

"BUT a dog can't stand with his fore-feet on a wave," said one of the men from the composing-room. Of course, that is really the joke, but it chagrins us to have to explain. Anyhow, the nice respectable chap in the box seat thinks it's a good one.

We know of a dignified professor who had a minor part in a symbolic play. The play was very symbolic, and its crucial moment occurred when a statue the hero was supposed to have made, suddenly flew into bits in a sort of spontaneous combustion. Of course, it wasn't really spontaneous—that is where the professor came in. He was concealed behind the plaster Paris statue and, armed with a hammer, was to whack the piece of sculpture on a certain spot which was guaranteed to cause it to fly into fragments.

At the proper time, when the hero was making an impassioned speech, the professor gave the statue a severe wallop, but he had failed to strike the correct place, and instead of falling to pieces and leaving its destroyer decently concealed by the curtain, the whole statue fell over, dragging the curtain with it and leaving the professor exposed to the delighted gaze of the audience! It was a most ignominious position! Shirt-sleeved, hammer in hand, he knelt there, an incongruous figure, and so confused was he at the turn of events that he did not get to his feet, but crawled out on his hands and knees to the protecting wings. . . . They couldn't finish the symbolic play that night. They had to give a new performance the next evening, when people had stopped laughing a little.

SPEAKING of minor characters, there are modest actors who actually desire quiet, retiring parts. We saw an ad only this morning:

> Wanted—By actor, role in drama; small part preferred, such as dead body or voice outside.

"LISA!" You are going to like Lisa. You are going to think about that story and save this Ledger just to read it over again. You'll have more than one explanation of the ending.

And as if one unusual story in an issue were not enough, The Girl in the Purple Petals comes dancing in just as Lisa makes her sorrowful exit. The Girl in the Purple Petals is a very different creature—a butterny girl from a strange, mystic land who is looking for a certain Hecula. But Aloysius manages to mix things up pretty hopelessly!

There never was another game of billiards like the game which Clinton H. Stagg describes in "That Terrific Run." The only disappointing thing about the story (we are sure male Ledger readers will agree) is that the author is a bit indefinite about the nineteen cuss words. We should like especially to know the nineteenth, which he learned from the passenger.

YOU will not have proceeded this far in your first casual perusal of the magazine without noticing a certain tendency to repetition evinced by the editors this week. There seems to be a lamentable lack of originality—they actually repeat the same phrase on every page:

"Coming—In Three Weeks—the Great Mystery Number of the Ledger!"

How excited they seem over it, how anxious that we should all be just as thrilled as they are! We are wondering what a mystery number will be, anyhow. Perhaps it will have no pages and just a cover, or no cover and just pages, or maybe a cover and pages, but no type—any of these kinds of Ledger would prove rather mysterious. Again, it might be that. Those Erratic Editors will print all the stories backwards or leave out every tenth word or jump the stories to the front or paste all the leaves together. You really can't tell what they will do! They annoy us no little, and we tremble for them. If they go any farther, it is whispered—but that is office gossip! Anyhow, we advise you not to pretend you take the slightest interest in their old Mystery Number—at least we hope a number of you write in and tell them it is not in the least mysterious. We should like to see their faces when they read it!


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# Greenwich Village Outdone

## By the Editor

THE vogue in New York literary circles is now, and has been for some years past, to own a "garret" in Greenwich Village, that part of New York City surrounding Washington Square. Here fiction writers and artists find they must live, in order to derive the maximum of New York's "atmospheric" life, and here they secure, if successful, one of the garrets which enterprising landladies and landlords rent out for prices ten times more than they are worth.

It is said that the more dilapidated the building, and the less paint it has, the more steps one has to climb to reach his garret, the more novel and desirable that garret becomes. Garrets in certain old houses with a pronounced foreign aspect have been known to rent to rich society women—during the few months in which these women wish to parade as "bohemians" for as high as $150.00 per month. This, of course, represents about $20.00 per month in actual space, and about $130.00 in "atmosphere," and what is called "eclat."

Many novel color effects are obtained by "bohemians" who have talent enough to decorate their garret in some freakish manner. Some have painted the ceiling sky blue with a great sun in the middle and the walls as tho they were great tufts of grass with giant sunflowers rearing their heads near the molding. This has the peculiar effect of making the occupants of the room seem tiny—to seem, in fact, like tiny insects stationed in a clump of grass. Other effects are also striven for, such as painting up the garret bright red from top to bottom, and of painting stripes around the walls.

It remained, however, for two Chicago writers, a contributor to the Ledger, and his wife, to create a "literary garret" in Chicago, which in the opinion of several acquaintances of the Editor who have seen the best there is to be seen in New York's Greenwich Village, outdoes to all practical purposes the garrets of America's "big town." And the peculiar part of it was that these two people, the Chicago writer and his wife, who wished a novel little room in which to write and to paint and to entertain friends, managed to secure this space at a less rate, in an equally "foreign" atmosphere, and at a less expenditure of money than that given out by any of New York's literati.

The Editor, when he first saw the "garret," was a little appalled. He climbed, by invitation, five flights of stairs in an old Italian tenement building situated in Chicago's "Little Italy." Most of the hall wallpaper was peeling off. One floor seemed to be Irish, for one could smell cornbeef and cabbage—God bless that dish!—on that landing; but the nationality seemed to change further up, for the next floor gave forth the indisputable odor of red wine and sphagetti. The room itself was the front one of a little three-room flat, which rented for only $9.00 per month. It was dirty, dusty; its windows were streaked. The floor was mud tracked, the wallpaper was garish and cobwebs hung in all the corners.

The first thing these people did was to get in a scrub woman, and thoroly clean up the place, washing the woodwork and the floors. They closed up two of the rooms and padlocked the doors of the third room. Then they dusted the ceilings and walls. The wall paper, garish as it was, was on tightly, so they bought a quart of bright yellow paint, a pint of bright blue, a pint of bright scarlet, and a half pint of gloss black. With the last three cans, there was mixed an unimitable purple, which, set alongside the yellow, seemed like the purplish shadow of a great forest contrasted with a sunbeam in the same forest.

They then proceeded to lay out the entire ceiling and walls into giant squares. This done, they painted every alternate square with the bright yellow paint, completely obscuring the pattern in the wall paper. After it had dried, and their necks had recuperated from the ceiling part of the job, they again traversed the entire space, filling in every alternate square with the shadow purple. The effect was so studioesque—so startling—that it is difficult for the Editor, who saw the progress of the thing, to describe it effectively. The room seemed like a giant checkerboard on the floor of a tropical forest. Already, it has risen from being the front room of an Italian tenement to an actual studio.

A great map was placed on the wall with thumbtacks—one which this author could use to layout exciting, intricate detective stories staged in the great city. Around the map was tacked a wooden frame, and around the frame a bright scarlet band at least three inches wide was painted. On the opposite side was placed a blackboard, used to note plot elements, chapter headings, data, etc., and the rim was enameled a bright red.

The few pieces of furniture were scrubbed and enameled in all the colors of the rainbow. One chair held on it a great sun, with rays of every shade of the spectrum flaring out from the center and down the actual legs. One chair, painted in an intricate pattern of orange and yellow irregular figures, seemed like nothing so much as a piece of war camouflage. A tiny footstool was painted yellow, but colored so that its legs seemed to be the green stems of some strange footstool growing plant.

The writing table was enameled around the edge with broad bands of every known color, one flashing upon the heels of the next, and each leg was decorated, one with black and orange cubes, one with green triangles on a white surface, one with yellow flame-like tongues on a black surface, and one leg a sky blue with red circles on it. The swivel chair was painted in various colors, but the seat was made white with a great black cross on it.

The drapes of the windows were made of simple yellow and purple cheesecloth. On the wall at the end of the room was a common grocer's clock, painted black entirely with the exception of the pendulum and the dial. The latter was enameled so that the figures disappeared, and black squares filled their places. On each hand was soldered a tiny square of tin, which was enameled jet black.

The floor of the room was then painted purple, and in each corner a giant square of yellow was enameled in. On top of this, its edges coming some feet from all four walls, was a Japanese straw rug with five great circles of blue and crimson.

Every one who has seen this garret has voted it as far surpassing the much "touted" Greenwich Village "garrets" at New York, but every one isn't in the secret of how little it cost, but the Editor of the Ledger.

One funny thing, tho. The owner of the garret who uses it daily for his literary labors has for some reason tacked a jet black piece of felt over the table which contains his work. We wonder if, with this blaze of color surrounding him, he would have had to put on horse blinders otherwise!

Who of the Ledger readers has some novel "transformation" schemes to describe?

*The Editor*

* * *

## Gentle Jabs.

There is one thing to be said in favor of homely girls—they are not always running downtown to get themselves photographed.

Holdup men are growing discouraged. There's nothing in the stickup game unless you can get to him before he has seen his landlord.

They say there'll be no coal to burn
Next week or thereabout;
But summer's here; who gives a durn?
We all can do without.

A girl never forgets the first kiss she gets after reaching the age where kisses count.

Among many things that fail to impress a man favorably is his wife's relations.

The loss of his job is apt to puncture a man's vanity and let a lot of egotism run out.

Just because a girl doesn't love a man is no sign she doesn't want him to make love to her.

There must be something wrong with the vision of some people who do their duty as they see it.

Honesty cannot be bought or sold—it is not marketable.

A man's credit may be good, but his cash is always better.

The man who trusts no one doesn't know what disappointment is.

# Rimes of the Times

BY I. I. SIR.

## The Bookkeeper From Bixby's Junction, Ind.

I guess it's true that summer's here,
With robins keepin' house again,
With Junebugs thumpin' on the pane—
And yet it's not the same this year.

They wrote our wrens came back once more,
(I'd like to hear a meadow lark . . .
I saw some grackles in the park,
And linnets in a fancier's store).

Our melons, boasted Dad, are fine—
(The piece I had was nice,
A glacier-bounded, city slice;
It wouldn't recognize a vine!)

The thrushes trill the same old way,
And locusts make a joyous din . . .
But here folks find their music in
Some noisy, reeking cabaret!

I used to know that it was June
When breathless kids crept up to bring
A June-box, then went scampering
Like pixie wraiths beneath the moon.

June sorta snubbed us city men,
She put no hush on raucous cries,
She soiled her wings on dingy skies
And all unsmiling flew again.

Somewhere the kids hunt prairie gu
And whooping, nut-brown youngste
roll
Into the limpid swimmin' hole—
It may be true July has come.

At least they tell me summer's here,
And Creeping-Charlie nets the grass
Where dappled sunbeams play and pass,
And yet it's not the same this year!

***Coming—In Three Weeks—The Great Mystery Number of the Ledger!***

# LISA BY MARY PAXTON

HE SAT in the big carved chair, stupidly waiting for the coroner. There was none of the usual horror of a suicide—no rivulets of blood ending in live pools, no contortions of the face. Lisa lay on the great white bear rug as he had often seen her lie there, her face partly concealed by her arm. She wore a white half-fitted robe and in the dim light sometimes he could scarcely see her at all, except where her dark hair shone out vividly. Near her on the floor was a letter which he knew must have been written to him, but he let it lie there. As yet he was not curious.

"Thank heaven, there is nothing messy about it," he said, half aloud.

The fire blazed up and his eyes traversed the studio. She must have thrown on a log just before she stretched herself out there to end it all. The fire-light played curiously about on a picture back of her. It was the best thing that she had ever done. She had made the canvas glow. It was a good likeness, but something besides. The eyes were the wonderful feature of the picture, as they were her wonderful feature. One lost sight of the rest of the picture as one lost sight of the rest of her face. They were sorrowful eyes and yet they smiled marvelously. His roving glance paused there and he roused from his lethargy. He bent over her and sobbed and held the letter to his lips. Then he tore it open and strained his dim eyes over the sprawling letters:

> Dear old Pat: Call me a coward if you want, but I am tired and nothing can be worse than these last days. I have not worked too hard. My eyes have been miserable. Perhaps work would have saved me from this despair, which has made me end it. Ford Harvey is the reason; Ford Harvey, with his mocking laugh and his haunting eyes. I love him, my killing myself will tell you how much, but I want you to make him suffer as I have suffered. He lied, and I know now that he never loved me. I must have amused, for my love was so frank. I won't live to be a bitter old woman and I won't live without him. Find a way to madden him as he has maddened me.

It was signed simply "Lisa."

"Poor little sister, poor little Lisa," he murmured, "and I thought she was so happy. No, I must not shoot him. That is not what she means."

He stared at the portrait until the coroner was admitted. Then he looked up an address in the telephone directory and walked down the boulevard until he came to some stairs with a light at the entrance. He rang the bell and a man who was half dressed let him in. They stirred up the fire and Patton Ware told him a few words what had happened. When Perreau read the note he turned to the other man and said almost joyously, "Thank God, I can serve her dead, tho I could not while she lived." Then he fell to weeping.

When he was calmer they talked until morning. Then Perreau packed his bag and went out with his caller. Patton Ware went back to the studio and sat with his dead. When it was all over he wrapped the portrait and left it at a photograph gallery. In the relief of action the numb feeling in his heart gave way to less unbearable grief.

A WEEK later Ford Harvey lay back in his steamer chair on the Aquitania, and watched the woman beside him. Her eyes half closed and she smiled at him thru her sloping lashes. The hood of her cape could not quite conceal the elaborate coiffure, nor was it intended to do so. He was thinking how artistically she was gotten up, but she saw glimpses of the gowns that he should buy her in Paris. A boy passed with some papers. Ford Harvey held out his hand indifferently. He gave part of the paper to the woman and opened the rest out before him. From the front page this headline greeted him:

RUMOR SAYS LISA WARE ENDED LIFE FOR NOTED LEADER OF NEW YORK SOCIETY.

Underneath was a poor half-tone taken from a photograph of her portrait. Drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead. "My God, I didn't think she'd do it," he said aloud.

"Do what?" she asked, snatching the paper from him.

She understood when she saw, but asked no questions. She went white about the lips, tho not because she cared for the dead girl.

"Would you kill yourself for me, Avis?" he asked.

"No, but perhaps I'll make you shoot your heart out for me," she answered lightly.

She would not trust him to his thoughts after that, and Avis Bradly could be diverting when she wished.

At dinner he fingered idly with his napkin and found pasted in the corner a tiny picture of a woman. Avis felt his uneasiness. He looked at his watch nervously and the same eyes smiled at him from the cover. Annoyed, he ceased to listen to the pretty woman at his side. With the coffee, a miniature picture of a woman pasted on his saucer under his cup made him hurry from the table red-faced, the blonde woman following him alarmed. Roughly he ordered her to her stateroom and paced the deck with a deep scowl on his brow. When he went down she was asleep and, replacing her picture in a silver frame on the table was another photograph and the eyes smiled.

"How in——?" he began, but stopped open-mouthed, for in the tray of the trunk that she had left open was the same picture enlarged, and the eyes smiled straight into his. He was hot and gratefully splashed the cool water over his face. Seizing the soap, he broke open the seal. A shower of pictures of many sizes floated on the water and a hundred eyes smiled up at him, just as she had smiled when he had seen her last. He must see the captain. Some one was playing a horrible joke on him.

On the deck again, he ran into a man that he knew slightly. It was Perreau. Ford Harvey shook hands with the detective and offered him a cigar, which he did not take. For a time they talked aimlessly.

"Perreau," said Harvey at last, "you are probably on a vacation, but would you undertake to clear up a small matter for me?"

Perreau expressed himself reluctant.

"But you would be interested, I think, and it will tax your ingenuity very little."

With the Coffee, a Miniature Picture of a Woman Pasted on His Saucer Under His Cup Made Him Hurry From the Table Red-faced.

*Coming—In Three Weeks—The Great Mystery Number of the Ledger!*

The detective said that he would be of any service he could to Mr. Harvey.

"I have been annoyed in a curious way," Harvey began. "Some one, who must think it a joke, puts a woman's picture in my way at every turn. I want to find out who does it so that the thing can be stopped. It is outrageous."

"Do you know the original of the picture?" Perreau asked seriously. Harvey reddened. "But you must be frank with me, Mr. Harvey, if you want my help. Where did you know her and under what circumstances?"

Harvey stuttered: "She killed herself last week and warned me that she intended to do it. That is why these pictures make me squirm."

"I see," said the detective. "It is outrageous."

Ford Harvey mopped his brow in relief and a folded paper fell from his handkerchief. The detective smoothed it out.

"I presume this is the lady," he asked.

"Yes," said Ford Harvey, very seriously.

"Come to me tomorrow," said Perreau.

After breakfast the next morning he paced the deck waiting for Perreau to come up. The detective, a trifle pale, appeared about noon.

"Do you still need my help?" he asked quietly.

Harvey broke out: "I found a life-sized copy of that portrait in the top of my dressing case and I believe those eyes will pop out of my head. They grin so frightfully at me. I have found it in every conceivable place besides. I am frantic."

"Let me ask you some questions," said the detective. "Are you married to Mrs. Harvey?"

Harvey winked. "She is using my name."

"Had the woman of the portrait any relatives?"

"I really don't think she ever spoke of any," said Harvey.

"That makes it more difficult. You are not a spiritualist?"

"I should say not." denied Harvey, scornfully.

"From what you tell me, I can offer you two suggestions as to possible solution. Either Mrs. Harvey is for some reason annoying you in this way, or there is a psychical agent. Accept either solution that you think best."

Harvey looked wild. "Perhaps it is as you say. I shall watch Avis, and you, too, keep an eye on her."

The rest of the voyage was not agreeable for Ford Harvey or the blonde woman. As soon as she was able to go on deck he neglected her, tho always he watched her and this made her uneasy. She did not seem able to grasp the situation. She laughed more loudly, did her hair more elaborately, and put more rouge on her face. One day he caught her staring intently at one of the increasing deluge of pictures. They had gotten on her nerves, too, besides making her jealous of the dead girl. There was a sharp quarrel in which the woman was violent, and their ways parted. For a time the pictures stopped and his eyes looked less like a hunted rabbit's.

IN PARIS they began again. Every mail brought him postcards which were copies of her picture. He fled, terrified, the pictures pursuing him all over Europe. In the heart of the Black Forest a woman suddenly crossed the road. He thought her strangely like Lisa. In the most obscure inns he stopped, Lisa's face was at the top of menu cards. In Rome he met Perreau again. Together they visited cathedrals. Beggars offered to sell him Lisa's pictures. Cigarette venders sold him boxes from which she smiled. He was no longer his old complacent self and his hair was quite white now. When she looked down at him pityingly from a wayside shrine one afternoon he was almost at bay.

He sailed for America. On the boat home he kept to his cabin and with Perreau pored over volumes of Oriental mysticism. With a medium on board he arranged a seance. The cabin was darkened and the medium bound. Harvey lay like a dead man. The words came muttered and then the message rang out:

"Your suffering is not greater than mine. Go to North Mountain October 21, and my last word shall be spoken."

The man drew a long breath and the medium left in a dazed condition.

In New York he waited two hours for the Chicago limited. He walked about the street. An old acquaintance glanced at him, but passed without recognition. Across the street an enormous sign heralded, "Patton Ware's Rice Powder for Velvet Complexion," and crudely done was Lisa's picture painted there. He turned sick and staggered back to the train.

One beautiful afternoon in October some tourists on the road below watched a lonely traveler wind his dizzy way around the mountain pass far above them. They watched him appear and disappear until they could see him no more. He rode to where the mountain was bald and the scrub oaks were low. Bowlders dislodged by a recent rain blocked the narrow way. Finally he passed to where it was no longer possible for the animal to advance. He dismounted, but before his shaky hands could fasten the burro to the underbrush it was scrambling down the mountain. His eyes followed it grimly till he could see it no more and he looked always to the top of the mountain. When he achieved the summit he felt exultant. He lay there and waited for what he had come this long tired way. The little clouds that were capering about him and below meant nothing to him. The serene blue of the sky was lost to him and he did not even look into the hazy peaks off beyond.

While he was on the mountain top he prayed. "Allpowerful," he said, "I have been wicked. I have laughed. But I laugh no more."

Then he buried his head in his arms and cried. When he looked up there was a faint glow over the farthest peak where the sun had set. And the night was near. He sat and wearily waited for the darkness to come, but the terror of his last days had vanished. He was unafraid.

Then from out of the blackness, across the chasm flashed out in fire, Lisa's piteous, pitiful face. The man's white face was transfigured.

"Lisa, beautiful soul," he cried, and fell across the rocks.

PATTON WARE had listened to Perreau's story and they had been silent a long time.

"Are you satisfied?" Perreau asked.

"We've failed, hideously failed," broke out Ware. "Why, man, we've saved his soul."

"That," said Andre Perreau calmly, "was what Lisa expected us to do."

# The Girl in the Purple Petals

## By James Yeiser

ALOYSIUS sent them, two tiny pellets, no larger than grains of wheat, each swathed in seven pounds of cotton and wool packing. The express charges were $84, for which I paid, not Aloysius.

"They are doubtless the seed of some prehistoric tree," he wrote, "perhaps the sacred flower, worshiped by the Arcadians. For why else should old King Apalonius, whose remains we have just exhumed, have had them concealed in a ring which he still wore on his finger?"

As Aloysius directed, I planted one seed in a sheltered spot beside the bench in my patchwork of a garden, where I spend my few hours of leisure daily; and where, as Aloysius intimated, there would be the least danger of my neglecting the precious weed. The other one I stowed away in the tray of a casket, locking it up with my most valuable keepsake; namely, the manuscript of "Patricia."

By midsummer—it was early spring when I received them—the seed had taken root and had grown into a magnificent shrub, not unlike an enormous lilac bush, tho the leaves were larger, resembling those of the water lily in shape, and waxen like those of the begonia. And then in a single week a large stalk, capped by a bulb, shot out of the very center of the bush, and, after describing a great parabola, rested on the back of the bench with the enormous bulb tilted upward.

For a fortnight the bud continued to swell. Meanwhile I wrote a letter each day urging Aloysius to hasten home if he would witness the blossoming of the remarkable plant.

It was the night Aloysius should have arrived. I remember it quite distinctly. And, dear me, why shouldn't I? As I sat there in the moonlight I was startled by a rustling sound at my side. I turned quickly and behold! The blossom was opening. The green calyx rolled back and there——! The most exquisite colorings of purple and orange and saffron, as nearly as I could make out in the uncertain light. Still the petals unfurled, until—heavens! A girl lay in the very midst of them, asleep! A golden-haired maid, clad in white raiment that drooped about the contours of the body. What eyelashes! What a throat, so full and round and white! One slender hand and wrist rested across her bosom, which rose and fell in restful slumber.

She moved, stretched an arm above her head, yawned, then sat bolt upright, and said, "Oh!" But, dear me, I was too startled to offer an apology.

"Where is Hecula?" she asked, looking anxiously about the garden.

"I beg your pardon," said I, "but did you inquire for somebody?"

"Hecula; where is Hecula?" she pleaded.

"If Hecula is your maid, you need have no fear; Annette will attend to any little want——"

"No, no; he is my lover. Where is he?"

"My child," I protested, soothingly, "if you cannot find your sweetheart, do not be distressed. There are a thousand—aye, a million gallants such eyes as yours may choose froom. Now, there is Aloysius——"

"What have you done?" she cried; the blossom swayed with her violent outburst. "Did you—what did you do with Hecula?"

"Nothing, I assure you."

"No, no; the other seed. King Apalonius promised that we should bloom together."

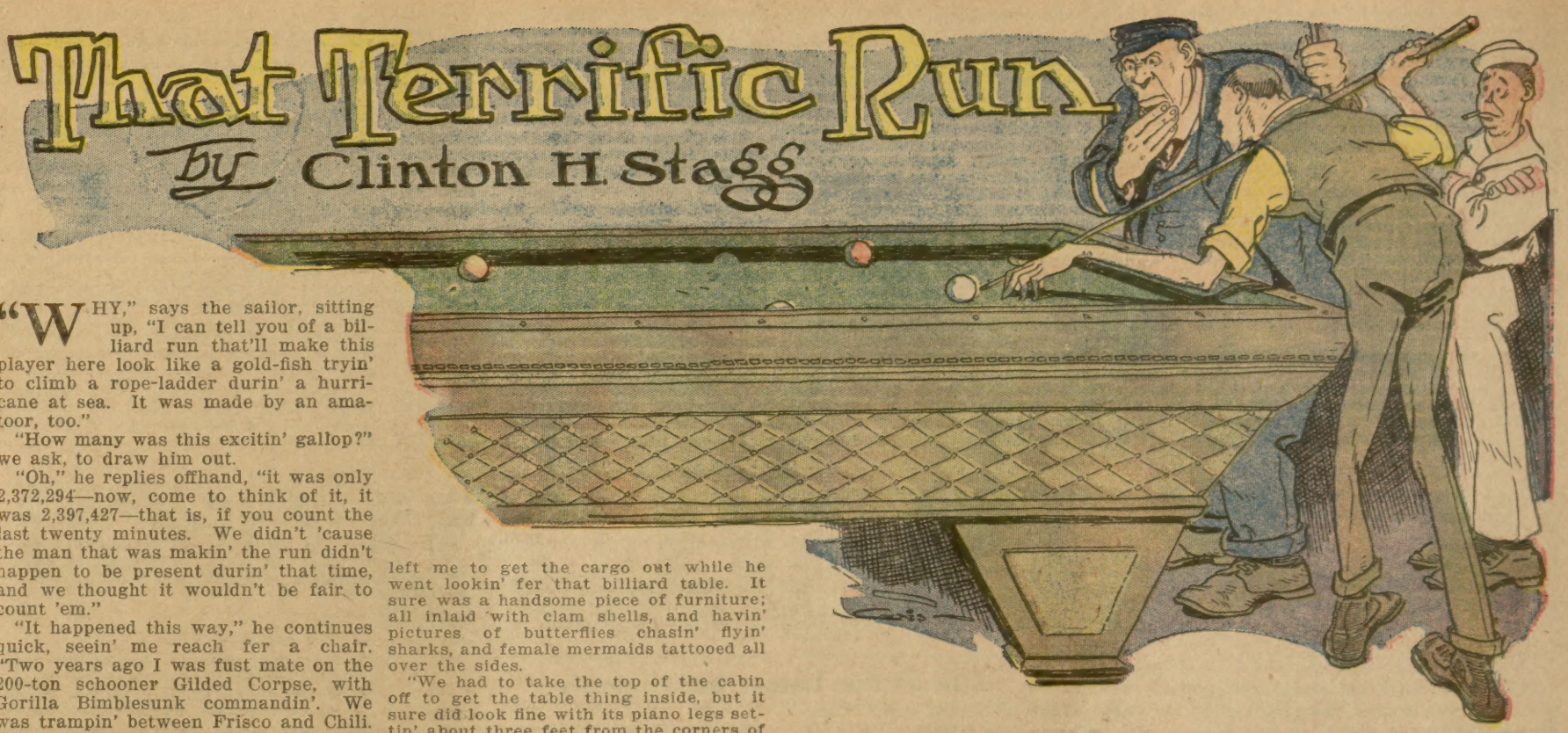
"I believe I understand you, now," said I, humbly. "Hecula still exists in the embryo, safely tucked away with my 'Patricia.' I fear some frightful mistake has been made."

(Continued on Page 12.)

*Coming—In Three Weeks—The Great Mystery Number of the Ledger!*

# That Terrific Run

## By Clinton H. Stagg



"I Could See That the Passenger Was Better Than He Let On. You See It Was Dead Calm."

"WHY," says the sailor, sitting up, "I can tell you of a billiard run that'll make this player here look like a gold-fish tryin' to climb a rope-ladder durin' a hurricane at sea. It was made by an amatoor, too."

"How many was this excitin' gallop?" we ask, to draw him out.

"Oh," he replies offhand, "it was only 2,372,294—now, come to think of it, it was 2,397,427—that is, if you count the last twenty minutes. We didn't 'cause the man that was makin' the run didn't happen to be present durin' that time, and we thought it wouldn't be fair to count 'em."

"It happened this way," he continues quick, seein' me reach fer a chair. "Two years ago I was fust mate on the 200-ton schooner Gilded Corpse, with Gorilla Bimblesunk commandin'. We was trampin' between Frisco and Chili. Every voige we struck about two weeks of weather so calm the Corpse was as steady as a house, and we didn't move more'n a foot. Time hung heavy on our hands. One night, when we was takin' our regular after-dinner hooker of rum, Gorilla says to me:

"'Rat,' he says, 'Rat, the next voige I'm goin to have a billiard table aboard, so's I can get some elevatin' amusement.'

"'Which?' I inquires, not gettin' his drift. I'm some acquainted with divertin' entertainments myself, such as cribbage an' gittin' drunk, but this elevator kind is a new one on me.

"'Amusements that not only amuses but uplifts,' says he.

"'What you want is a balloon,' I tells him.

"'Rat,' he says sorrowful, 'Rat, to a gentleman like me, your remarks is out of place.'

"He was a gentleman all right. Too much so to be a good Captain. Why he only knew eighteen cuss words. He claimed no gentleman should cuss more'n eighteen times without stoppin'. Which same might have been etiket, but it was poor seamanship.

"When we struck port, the Captain left me to get the cargo out while he went lookin' fer that billiard table. It sure was a handsome piece of furniture; all inlaid with clam shells, and havin' pictures of butterflies chasin' flyin' sharks, and female mermaids tattooed all over the sides.

"We had to take the top of the cabin off to get the table thing inside, but it sure did look fine with its piano legs settin' about three feet from the corners of the cabin. The Captain got a blacksmith to rig up four bars to hang it from durin' rough weather, so's it wouldn't bang thru the cabin. Then he took the mattresses off'n our beds an' hung 'em around the walls, so the jar wouldn't break the glass in the two windows.

"AS WE were throwin' off the last rope to get away, a feller rushes up an' wants to be taken as a passenger. Blamed if Gorilla didn't take him. Maybe he thought he'd be company on the table when I was on watch.

"About four days out we ran into another calm. Then Bimble started itchin' to use the new table. He invited me down in the cabin to see him try it. When we got there the passenger was playin'.

"'Ah, Captain,' he says when he sees us, 'fine table you got.'

"'You bet,' answers Gorilla, proud. 'Can you play?'

"The passenger said he'd played the game several times, but he wasn't much good. Then Bimble, all swelled up, offered to play him a fifty-point game fer $5. I watched them fer an hour or so. They each got about sixteen points in that time. But I could see that the passenger was better than he let on. You see it was dead calm.

"Two hours later Bimble came up with a smile like a swinging barroom door.

"'Rat,' he says, 'Rat, he's easy. I got that five and I'll have all his loose change before the voige is over.'

"When I told him the passenger was playin' him fer a sucker, he came back at me with nineteen cuss words. The extra cuss was one he heard the passenger use when the cook spilled the bowl of hot soup in his ear, but it sure did sound impressive, comin' from Bimble. After that the Captain and me didn't speak. The Captain an' the passenger played every day.

"Fer about ten days this went on. Then Bimble came up to me with tears in his eyes.

"'Rat,' he says, 'Rat, you was right, I'm a sucker. That (here he put in the eighteen cuss words) drink of bilge water has skinned me out of $1,000.'

"I told him to hit the passenger on the head with a marlin-spike and take it away from him.

"There Was So Many Chalk Marks on the Cabin It Looked Like It Had Been Whitewashed. Still the Balls Kept Clickin' Like Rapid Fire Guns. Lord Knows How They Stood It! By This Time the Score Was 2,374,398, 'Cordin' to My Count."

"'Rat,' he says, 'Rat, I'm a gentleman.'

"Two hours later he came to me again.

"'Rat,' he says, 'Rat, the barometer's fallin'. I put you in charge. I'm goin' to get that money back. I got it fixed.

"When I Told Him the Passenger Was Playin' Him for a Sucker He Came Back at Me With Nineteen Cuss Words."

He's puttin' up $15,000 against the ship and the cargo. This is to be a twenty-four hour endurance contest. I got him beat on stayin' powers.'

"Bimble wasn't so warped after all. The passenger would probably get groggy after about ten hours or so. Then the Captain, who'd often stood fifty hours on watch, could get in an' win.

"But it was no sure thing. I dropped down every hour er so durin' the day, an' the passenger was goin' strong when I turned in. In the middle of the night Bimble woke me up.

"'Rat,' he sobs, 'Rat, it's no use. He finished a run with 523,857.' You see the sea wasn't so calm.

"THE next day the bottom was fallin' out of the barometer. I told the Captain, who was so wrapt up in the game he didn't pay no attention to anything else.

"'Get ready fer it,' he says short. 'I got to win that money back. If the ship goes to the bottom I don't care. I guess it's his'n anyway.'

"I got things all tied down ready fer the blow, and then went to the cabin to see how the Captain was makin' out. He was riggin' the bars up, the passenger havin' refused to call the game off until the gale blows over. The passenger was grinnin' like a whale that had just dodged a harpoon. I sure felt sorry fer Gorilla!

"When the passenger insisted on fixin' the balls, just like they was when he finished shootin', I seen there was no hope. He was bound to skin the Captain out of every chance. The two red balls was situated in the nor'east and the nor'west corners, a white one in the sou'west corner, and the other white one was a few points off dead center.

"I wondered what kind of a boss the passenger'd make!

"The Captain gave me a sad and soul-searin' look. Then, pickin' up the stick like it was a deck swab, he closed his eyes and shot.

"Then she struck us!—the storm did!

"Every rope shrieked and every timber cracked and groaned. The Gilded Corpse dug her nose down and went on her beam ends.

"As we was crawlin' to our feet, where we went when it started, I heard a noise like a hundred rapid-fire guns was goin' off at once. Then I near fainted. So fast they looked like red and white streaks, them balls was shootin' around the table, hittin' each other a hundred times every second.

"'Count 'em, Rat,' howled Bimble, almost cryin' fer excitement when he saw the table. 'It's me that's playin'.'

"'How in——'

"Then I ducked. I had to. One of them balls left the table like a bullet and came at my head. It hit the mattress and bounced back. In a minute it was like a battle scene. We had to lay on the floor to keep from gettin' killed. Every ball bounced right back on the table and resumed their 'everlastin' clickin'.

"'Outside!' yelled Bimble. 'We can hear the clicks an' count 'em out there.'

"We crawled out and shut the door, so's the balls couldn't come after us.

"Holy flyin' fish! What a sight! Every stitch of canvas was blown away, and the forward mast was broke off at the deck and draggin' by the shrouds. The crew, not havin' anybody to command 'em, was hangin' onto ropes like a lot of sheep.

"'Get them men to work,' I yells to Gorilla, 'er your Corpse'll go down.'

"'Fer the love of Mike, help me count,' he groaned, 'er I won't have no Corpse.'

"Then I tells him to get the men to work an' I'll count. He gives me a grateful look and a piece of chalk he managed to get in the cabin so's I could keep track on the side of the cabin. I tried to count one by one till I figgered that I was about 11,000 behind. Then I marked up a thousand at a time. An' the passenger was gettin' the best of the count at that.

"WHEN I got to 854,927, I began to get groggy, not bein' a regular bookkeeper. I couldn't yell fer relief without losin' count. I was holdin' my achin' head with one hand and trying to figger with the other when a wave knocked me against the cabin, and then to the scuppers.

"I was pickin' myself together when Bimble rushed up. He wanted to know why I wasn't countin'. He gave one look at the cabin and grabbed his hair. I looked and near dropped overboard. Every darn mark was rubbed off on my coat when the wave rubbed me along the cabin.

"'I can't trust you,' growls the Captain, 'I'll have to stay an' watch you.'

"We doped it out the best we could,

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and started at 800,000. Then the passenger managed to crawl up. He started to howl that the balls couldn't have stayed on the table all that time. After considerable effort he pulled himself up to the window to see. There was a crashin' of glass, and a red ball came out like a bullet and went over the side. Bimble tells me to hurry up before they all come out.

"THE passenger braced up sufficient to take another look. He turned his head to say something to us, when another red ball catches him behind the ear, layin' him out. Bimble catches it and throws it back, so that it counted. The passenger lays still after this, contentin' himself with mutterin' something about the game not being accordin' to rules.

"We'd just put up the 1,000,000 mark when Ole, the Swede second mate, that Bimble put in charge when he came to help me, come rushin' up and started to tell Gorilla something about two men bein' hurt. Bimble kicked him across the deck, all the time keepin' count of the clicks.

"Fer five hours it went that way. The fewer balls the more clicks. There was so many chalk marks on the cabin it looked like it had been whitewashed. Still the balls kept clickin' like rapid-fire guns. Lord knows how they stood it! By this time the score was 2,374,398, 'cordin' to my count. Bimble had 2,429,725, but we decided to give the passenger the benefit of the doubt, seein' as he didn't have a chance either way!

"Then the storm started to calm down. The balls kept goin', but not so fast. We could almost count 'em by hundreds.

"The Captain wanted to know if the passenger was satisfied he'd been beat fair and square. He groaned feeble. Then Bimble called Ole to find out about the two men that had been hurt.

"'Dey bane hit py dem balls,' he says 'two of 'em. One red an' one white ball come out of de window on de odder side, and lay 'em out flat. Like cannon balls dey come and go over de side.'

"'What!' howled Bimble and me simultaneously. The balls was still clickin'. Yet I'd seen one come out our side that never went back! It was too much fer me, with the headache I had.

"'I protest!' shouts the passenger, bracin' up. 'There ain't enough balls on the table, an' it can't be no game.'

"'Can't you hear 'em?' yells Gorilla, shakin' his fist in the passenger's face. 'If you don't believe they're there look an' see.'

"The passenger grabs his head, and lays down flatter on the deck.

"'Give me my $15,000,' says Bimble.

"'It's all down in the cabin, 'cept this,' moans the passenger, holdin' up a wad o' green mush that might have been money but wasn't now. He was that much short he said. Then Bimble goes up in the air, and tells him he will have to work the rest of his passage. The passenger refuses to go forward with the rest of the men, and Bimble grabs him by the neck and hustles him down the hold to iron him fer mutiny.

"While they was gone, I sat holdin' my achin' head in my hands and tryin' to forget them darn clicks. It was no go. The balls kept registerin' in my brain automatic like. I'd counted about 20,000 when the Captain an' Ole came back.

"'How the devil can them balls be clickin' if they ain't there?' Bimble says, scratchin' his head.

"'De noise?' Ole's face lit up like a sunbeam. 'De anchors da broke when de wind hit us. De chains day rattle in the hause holes—click, click—see?'

"'Why didn't you tell me?' yells Bimble.

"The Swede feels the slack of his trousers and edges away. I opened the cabin door. Bimble an' me looked in. It was a wreck. The beautiful table was smashed to kindling wood, and the mattresses were all busted. We closed the door, not darin' to look at each other.

"'It was a fair game, Rat,' he says, lookin' at me grave. 'You got to admit I played a gentleman's game all thru, givin' him the benefit of everything.'"

# CROOKED TRAILS AND STRAIGHT

## BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

### The Three Latest Installments

ONE night in a card game, Luck Cullison lost heavily; when it was over he owed $2,500. One of the men who had been present at the game was

**CASS FENDRICK,** the owner of a sheep ranch, and an enemy of Cullison, the owner of the Circle C. They had been friends and of late they had been having differences about straying cattle and political matters. Luck intended to prove up on his Del Oro claim, which meant the loss of an important waterhole to Cass. When Cullison put the final legal seal on the homestead Cass would practically have to go out of business. After losing in the poker game Cullison went to every bank in Saguache trying to raise money, but failed.

**JORDAN** of the Cattleman's National Bank confided to Luck that he had $20,000 coming from El Paso on the Flyer. The next morning the news spread that the Flyer had been held up by a "lone bandit" and relieved of $20,000. Strangely enough, Luck Cullison went around that afternoon squaring up his numerous debts to friends whom he had told the day before that his financial circumstances were straitened. Suspicion became centered upon him. It grew stronger when he suddenly disappeared. At home at the ranch, Kate was beginning to wonder why her father did not return. She had an encounter with Cass Fendrick, and when he insinuated that her father had held up the train, she lashed him across the cheek with her quirt. She confided her anxiety about her father to her young cousin,

**BOB CULLISON.** The evidence against the ex-sheriff seemed damning. It was known that Jordan had confided to him about the money coming on the Flyer, also Luck's hat had been found on the scene of the robbery, an envelope was discovered, too, which bore in Luck's writing the number "20,000" and the words, "W. & S. Ex. Co." and "Tonight."

Now Kate solved the mystery of the hat by proving that an exchange of hats had been made by Cass Fendrick the night of the poker game.

**BOLT,** the sheriff, told Curly he had been getting letters of an anonymous nature with ominous messages on them. One was—"Play the Jack of Hearts," another—"Hearts are trumps." Curly connected them with a little cigar store called the Jack of Hearts and run by

**MRS. WYLIE.** He discovered that she was the divorced wife of Lute Blackwell. Forcing an entrance into the cigar store, Curly and the friends of Luck Cullison discovered that Luck had been there—had left a newspaper in which he had underlined the important words needed to convey a message to his friends. It was evident that he had been taken away just before his rescuers arrived.

The scene shifted to the place where Cullison was being kept prisoner guarded by Blackwell. Cass Fendrick appeared and tried to get Luck to sign away all claims on his Del Oro homestead. As stubbornly as Cass insisted, Cullison refused.

This story began in No. 22, the Ledger for May 29. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

### CHAPTER XX.

### CASS FENDRICK MAKES A CALL.

KATE was in her rose garden superintending the stable boy as he loosened the dirt around the roots of some of the bushes. She had returned to the Circle C for a day or two to give some directions in the absence of her father. Buck and the other riders came to her for orders and took them without contempt. She knew the cattle business, and they knew she knew it. To a man they were proud of her, of her spirit, her energy, and her good looks.

This rose garden was one evidence of her enterprise. No ranch in the county could show such a riot of bloom as the Circle C. The American Beauty, the Duchess, the La France bowed gracefully to neighbors of a dozen other choice varieties. Kate had brought this glimpse of Eden into the desert. She knew her catalogs by heart and she had the loving instinct that teaches all gardeners much about growing things.

The rider who cantered up to the fence, seeing her in her well-hung corduroy skirt, her close-fitting blouse, and the broad-rimmed straw hat that shielded her dark head from the sun, appreciated the fitness of her surroundings. She, too, was a flower of the desert, delicately fashioned, yet vital with the bloom of health.

At the clatter of hoofs she looked up from the bush she was trimming and at once rose to her feet. With the change in position she showed slim and tall, straight as a young poplar. Beneath their long lashes her eyes grew dark and hard. For the man who had drawn to a halt was Cass Fendrick.

From the pocket of his shirt he drew a crumpled piece of stained linen.

"I've brought back your handkerchief, Miss Cullison."

"What have you done with my father?"

He nodded toward the Mexican boy and Kate dismissed the lad. When he had gone she asked her question again in exactly the same words.

"If we're going to discuss your father you had better get your quirt again," the sheepman suggested, touching a scar on his face.

A flush swept over her cheeks, but she held her voice quiet and even. "Where is father? What have you done with him?"

He swung from the horse and threw the rein to the ground. Then, sauntering to the gate, he let himself in.

"You've surely got a nice posy garden here. Didn't know there was one like it in all sunbaked Arizona."

She stood rigid. Her unfaltering eyes, sloe-black in the pale face, never lifted from him.

"There's only one thing you can talk to me about. Where have you hidden my father?"

"I've heard folks say he did himself all the hiding that was done."

"You know that isn't true. That convict and you have hidden him somewhere. We have evidence enough to convict you both."

"Imagination, most of it, I expect." He was inspecting the roses and inhaling their bloom.

"Fact enough to send you to the penitentiary."

"I ought to be scared. This is a La France, ain't it?"

"I want you to tell me what you have done with my father."

He laughed a little and looked at her with eyes that narrowed like those of a cat basking in the sun. He had something the look of the larger members of the cat family—the soft, long tread, the compact rippling muscles of a tame panther, and with these the threat that always lies behind its sleepy wariness.

"You're a young lady of one idea. No use arguing with you, I reckon."

"Not the least use. I've talked with Mrs. Wylie."

He raised his eyebrows. "Do I know the lady?"

"She will know you. That is more to the point."

"Did she say she knew me?" he purred.

"She will say it in court—if it ever comes to that."

"Just what will she say, if you please?"

Kate told him in four sentences with a stinging directness that was the outstanding note of her, that and a fine self-forgetful courage.

"Is that all? Comes to this then, that she says I heard her scream, ran in, and saved your father's life. Is that a penitentiary offense? I don't say it oughtn't to be, but is it?"

"You helped the villain take his body into the cellar. You plotted with him to hold father a prisoner there."

"Says that, does she—that she overheard us plotting?"

"Of course, she did not overhear what you said. You took good care of that. But she knew you were conspiring."

"Just naturally knew it without overhearing," he derided. "And, of course, if I was in a plot I must have been Johnny-on-the-spot a good deal of the time. Hung round there a-plenty, I expect?"

HE HAD touched on the weak spot of Mrs. Wylie's testimony. The man who had saved Cullison's life, after a long talk with Blackwell, had gone out of the Jack of Hearts and had not returned so far as she knew. For her former husband had sent her on an errand just before the prisoner was taken away and she did not know who had helped him.

Kate was silent.

"How would this do for an explanation?" he suggested lazily. "We'll say just for the sake of argument that Mrs. Wylie's story is true, that I did save your father's life. We'll put it that I did help carry him downstairs where it was cooler and that I did have a long talk with the fellow Blackwell. What would I be talking to him about, if I wasn't reading the riot act to him? Ain't it likely, too, that he would be sorry for what he did while he was angry at your father for butting in as he was having trouble with his wife? And after he had said he was sorry why shouldn't I hit the road out of there? There's no love lost between me and Luck Cullison. I wasn't under any obligations to wrap him up in cotton and bring him back this side up with care to his anxious friends. If he chose later to take a hike out of town on p. d. q. hurry up business I ain't to blame. And I reckon you'll find a jury will agree with me."

She had to admit to herself that he made out a plausible case. Not that she believed it for a moment. But very likely a jury would. As for his subsequent silence that could be explained by his desire not to mix himself in the affairs of one with whom he was upon unfriendly terms. The irrefutable fact that he had saved the life of Cullison would go a long way as presumptive proof of his innocence.

"I see you are wearing your gray hat again. What have you done with the brown one?"

She had flashed the question at him so unexpectedly that he was startled, but the wary mask fell again over the sardonic face.

"You take a right friendly interest in my hats, seems to me."

"I know this much. Father took your hat by mistake from the club. You bought a brown one half an hour later. You used father's to manufacture evidence against him. If it isn't true that he is your prisoner how does it come that you have your gray hat again? You must have taken it from him."

He laughed uneasily. She had guessed the exact truth.

"In Arizona there are about 40,000 gray hats like this. Do you figure you can identify this one, Miss Cullison? And suppose your fairy tale of the Jack of Hearts is true, couldn't I have swapped hats again while he lay there unconscious?"

She brushed his explanation aside with a woman's superb indifference to logic.

"You can talk, of course. I don't care. It is all lies—lies. You have kidnaped father and are holding him somewhere. Don't you dare to hurt him. If you should—oh, if you should—you will wish you had never been born." The fierceness of her passion beat upon him like sudden summer hail.

He laughed slowly, well pleased. A lazy smoldering admiration shone in his half shuttered eyes.

"So you're going to take it out of me, are you?"

A creature of moods, there came over her now a swift change. Every feature of her, the tense pose, the manner of defiant courage, softened indescribably. She was no longer an enemy bent on destruction, but a girl pleading for the father she loved.

"Why do you do it? You are a man. You want to fight fair. Tell me he is well! Tell me you will set him free!"

He forgot for the moment that he was a man with the toils of the law closing upon him, forgot that his success and even his liberty were at stake. He saw only a girl with the hunger of love in her wistful eyes, and knew that it lay in his power to bring back the laughter and the light into them.

"Suppose I can't fight fair any longer. Suppose I've let myself get trapped and it isn't up to me, but to somebody else?"

"How do you mean?"

"Up to your father, say."

"My father?"

"Yes. How could I turn him loose when the first thing he did would be to swear out a warrant for my arrest?"

"But he wouldn't—not if you freed him."

He laughed harshly. "I thought you knew him. He's hard as nails."

She recognized the justice of this appraisal. "But he is generous, too. He stands by his friends."

"I'm not his friend, not so you could notice it." He laughed again, bitterly. "Not that it matters. Of course, I was just putting a case. Nothing to it, really."

He was hedging because he thought he had gone too far, but she appeared not to notice it. Her eyes had the far-

(Continued on Page 15.)

*Coming—In Three Weeks—The Great Mystery Number of the Ledger!*

# THIN ICE

## By Peter Cotton

### The Story in Tabloid Form

**DR. HEDRIC HALLAM,** who has been practicing medicine in the northern part of the State of Washington, left his clientele there because of a mistake he had made in filling a prescription. He was unfortunate in the events that followed—he was cheated in a game of cards at Portland and put off the train at Eugene because somebody had stolen his purse and ticket. In Eugene he took a room at a mediocre boarding house and that same evening invited, and entertained in his lodgings a man who resembled him physically to a remarkable degree. The stranger died of heart failure while in Hallam's room and the doctor effected a change of garments and identification so that the dead man would be mistaken for him. Then he assumed the name of his double,

**HENRY HAMILTON,** and taking the letters, photographs and money which belonged to Hamilton, he set out for the other's home town, Rock Springs. Among the photographs was a picture of Hamilton's sweetheart,

**NANCY MAYNARD,** who appeared to be an attractive and spirited young girl.

Testing his ability to impersonate Henry Hamilton by going first to Pocotello where an acquaintance cashed a check for him, Hallam met with a difficulty at once—he was accepted as Hamilton without question but accused at once of an assault to murder, which Hamilton was thought to have made upon a man called Larson. Thru a Portland acquaintance,

**POWERS,** Hallam proved an alibi—that he had been in Portland the night it was alleged the assault took place.

**LYONS,** the lawyer of Rock Springs, in charge of the senior Hamilton's estate, came to Pocotello upon hearing that Hamilton had re-appeared and thru him, the impostor received a fairly accurate conception of the situation he would have to face in Rock Springs. Cleared of the charge Larson had made, thru Lyons' good offices, Hallam considered himself out of danger until Powers made an insinuation as to the remarkable resemblance between Hallam and "the man who died in Eugene." When he finally met her she did not, as he had feared, discover that he was merely posing as her old lover. But her father,

**PAP MAYNARD,** seemed to consider Hallam as an enemy, and

**GILMORE,** a town loafer, shared this animosity. Gradually Hallam won his way into Nancy's heart and he asked her to marry him. She consented, thinking he was Hamilton.

In Rock Springs the townspeople seemed friendly enough, especially Lyons and his wife, who took Hallam to their home. The latter found that part of his heritage as Henry Hamilton was a house on a hill secluded from the rest of the village, and here he chose to live alone except for his horse, Satan, and Fox, his dog. He received a letter from Powers asking a loan of $500. Hallam sent the sum, knowing it to be the price of Powers' silence.

This story started in No. 25, the Ledger for June 19. Back copies may be had from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER IX (Continued).

TEARING DOWN THE BARRIERS.

AS A matter of truth he displayed considerable foresight, and seemed to be paving the way to as completely obliterate the existence of Henry Hamilton as he had that of Hedrick Hallam.

He left Mr. Lyons' office in the deepening twilight with a feeling of elation. And so engrossed was he with the success of his plans and the affluent aspect of the future, criminal tainted tho it was, he failed to notice the rapid approach of a young lady until she was almost in front of him—then he stopped with visible surprise and manifest pleasure. It was Miss Maynard.

She was the first to recover, if indeed there was any recovery to be had upon her part—and her self-possession seemed to indicate there was not.

"How do you do," she said, with a faint smile which was more of greeting than of welcome.

Dr. Hallam bowed.

"I am surprised," he answered, "and needless to say, pleased. You have changed a great deal."

Some note in his voice, perhaps the tone and inflection of it, seemed to surprise her. She glanced at him in faint astonishment.

"Really, if I had heard you speak without seeing your face I am sure I would have taken your voice to be only a resemblance of Henry Hamilton."

"Is it as bad as that?" he asked with affected lightness. "But then, you know," he went on with a shade of seriousness, "one's associates have a tendency to change both voice and deportment, I never knew the change was so startling until I came back to Rock Springs."

"It is startling," she admitted and then paused as tho to check some words about to be spoken. She smiled at him and continued: "But that isn't all. You have become—what shall I say—entirely different in your appearance—so spruce and manly?"

Dr. Hallam's laugh was tinged with sly amusement. Miss Nancy, he divined, was trying to be condescending in a courteous way.

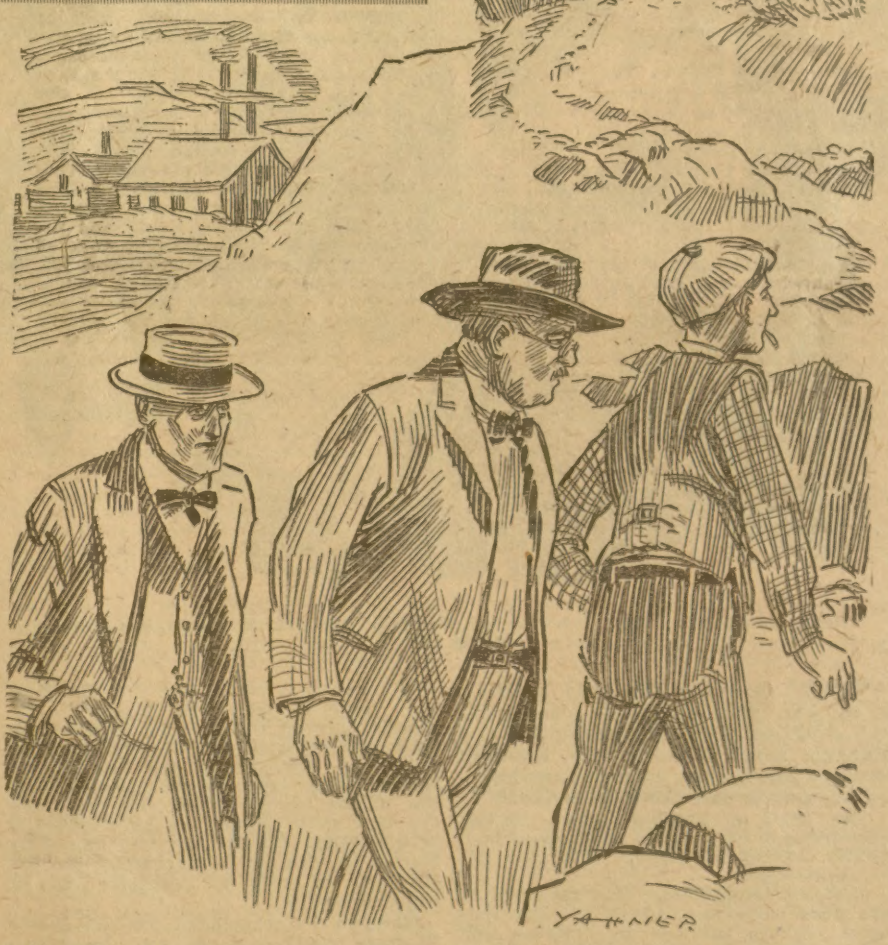
"Suppose we say that that is it," he answered.

"It is so strange and—forgive me—it is all so different from what any of us ever expected."

"I do not think," he agreed, "that I ever gave much promise of improvement. I hope you will not hold it against me."

"Really, I am very glad. Are you going to remain here."

"Just a short time. I do not think the people like me, and it is absolutely too much trouble to try and win them over."



With a Thrill of Expectation—a Sensation of Impending Discovery—They Filed Gravely Up the Trail Leading to His Cabin.

There was a note of scorn in his voice which was not without its effect. Miss Maynard glanced at him with undisguised curiosity. The old Henry Hamilton had been altogether subservient. The present one appeared to be altogether without humility, and she began to feel in some indefinable way that her patronizing airs were politely tolerated.

"But people might think better of you if you would get acquainted with them," she said.

"How can I when they run away and won't give me a chance?" he asked in a voice of whimsical complaint.

"Run away!" she exclaimed.

Then as the telepathy of mind brought his meaning—her retreat from the neck of the valley the day before—a faint shade of annoyance came to her eyes. Instead of replying she turned her head and looked down the street, frowning in disapproval. He followed the direction of her eyes and saw that men and women were standing in the doorways of various stores watching them with interest.

"See," he cried with a trace of chagrin, "how fondly I am welcomed by Madam Grundy."

She laughed disdainfully. Nevertheless he could see that she was annoyed, and wishing to avoid the tongues of busybodies he lifted his hat and left her. She entered a drugstore, and as he passed on down the street he saw the slender roan she had ridden on several occasions, standing by the curb in front of her father's store. He wondered if she would wait and walk back with her father or ride back ahead of him. Their home was scarcely more than a mile away and Maynard rarely returned to his store after dusk.

HE ENTERED a hardware store for an ostensible purchase but really to listen to the tempter's voice. As he came out of it he saw, by the faint light which streamed from the stores onto the sidewalk, that she was unhitching the horse. The tempter conquered. Before she had ridden a quarter of a mile the soft, light footfalls of his splendid black horse overtook her.

She was not surprised. But in the semi-darkness he was unable to tell if she was displeased. He didn't pause to find out, for, being overwhelmed with a desire to strike down the barriers raised by malicious reports and the habits of the rightful Henry Hamilton, he plunged impetuously into expressions which were moving him.

"I have been wanting to say something, but could never find the opportunity?" he burst out. "May I now?"

She laughed with the faintest ripple of amusement. "From the tragedy in your voice it would seem that I can't keep you from saying it."

"Then it is this—I think you ought to forget that old matter; all of you."

"There wasn't any old matter," she said icily. "You were simply foolish."

"I know—I was foolish and ignorant. But I have changed, and I would like to have you think well of me."

"Would you like me to invite you into the house," she asked with caustic inflection.

He laughed. "And get thrown out? Oh, no! But you won't object if I speak to you when I meet you, will you?"

"You appear to be determined to do that in any event. At least you have done it. To be frank with you, if you were the same Henry Hamilton I used to know I should be afraid of you. But every one says you have improved, and —and——"

"Become gentlemanly," he laughed.

"Worse," she replied, with a trace of humor. "They say that you actually brush you teeth and keep your clothes clean."

He smiled delightedly. "I do. I am no end of a swell!"

"No end of a swell!" she repeated with deliberation, which made him wince. "Really, you are astonishing. Outwardly you are Henry Hamilton. Inwardly—that is, to judge by your words and manner—you are a different man. I never heard of such a change in any one."

"But look how young you are!" he exclaimed airily, and asked: "Which do you like the best, the old Henry Hamilton or the new one?"

"The new one commands some respect," she answered equivocally, and added: "I am told that you have force of character."

"Now that is complimentary," he remarked, with sarcastic inflection. "Since you have authority to support you, I hope after this that I may venture to look at the sun."

She laughed merrily. "Really, you are entertaining. But here I am at home. Won't you come in?"

"No, thanks"—ironically—"I am waiting for Pap Maynard to ask me. Do you think he will?"

"Do you?"

"But you did?"

"I did not invite Henry Hamilton. I invited—the other man. Good night."

Dr. Hallam scratched his head. He was not sure if she was making fun of him. Nor could he say that he had made any progress in overcoming her seeming dislike. But he had been successful in another way. He had put his identity to a test, and she had not shown in any way that she suspected him. She had accepted him with wondering curiosity, and that he regarded as a satisfying step in the sinuous path.

Glancing back over his shoulder he had one last glimpse of her as she entered the house.

CHAPTER X.

A COMMITTEE OF THREE.

FROM between green latticed blinds two curious eyes peered after Dr. Hallam as he rode away. They belonged to Mrs. Maynard. Hearing voices in front of the house she had gone to the parlor to look out from the windows upon them. She recognized Nancy, and she could see that the form upon the horse standing near her was that of a man, but, not suspecting him to be Henry Hamilton, the whilom scamp of the camp, she did not interfere.

With curiosity somewhat aroused she waited for Nancy to offer some explanation. None coming, she asked her, when they were sitting down to the dinner table, who it was that had ridden home with her.

Before answering Nancy glanced at her father's heavy, impassive face, fearing the reproof she felt sure would follow. "Why, it was Henry Hamilton," she said, and waited for the explosion. None coming, she sighed with relief and continued: "He overtook me as I was riding home and stopped to speak. I was never more surprised in my life. Actually, mother, he appears to be gentlemanly, and speaks with refinement. He says he is not going to remain in Rock Springs."

"Mighty suspicious the way he is hurrying to sell that property," said Maynard. "Take my word for it, there is something hanging over him."

Nancy laughed. "He says it is because the people here dislike him."

"They do say he is changed," observed Mrs. Maynard. "I hear he wears them pajamas and a nightcap, and plays the fiddle to that dog of his'n every night."

"And he talks to his horse, too," supplemented Nancy.

"What's puzzling me," Maynard asked, "is how any mortal man as ignorant as Henry Hamilton was, can learn so much in three years. Day before yesterday I was down at the mine, and he was there, and a man got hurt—knocked his shoulder out of joint. Before that Henry did not seem to be any different; then, all of a sudden, he ordered people around like he was a doctor. The amazing thing is, he had the man's shoulder back into place before you could say Jack Robinson. Then he sent him up town to see Doc Winters. Now where did he learn that?"

Nancy was much surprised. But she glimpsed in the story a new dignity in the new Henry Hamilton which partly explained his altered demeanor, and its improvement. "It is strange," she said, and added with a slightly mischievous laugh: "I asked him if he would come in."

Mrs. Maynard lifted her hands in horror. "Mercy!" she gasped.

"And he said he'd wait for Pap May-

(Continued on Page 13.)

Coming—In Three Weeks—The Great Mystery Number of the Ledger!

# BY DELAPLAINE RIDGWAY

***Billy the Mad, the Irrepressible, the Lovable! Here's More About Him***

**"Billie, It's Killing Me. I Know It's Foolish. It's Only Business, but I Can't Help It."**

## Who's Who

NOBODY understood the erratic, artistic Billy, or, as he was known more formally,

**WILLIAM BLABON MATTIS.** His uncle, the owner of the N. O. V. R. R.,

**OLD BILLY MATTIS,** discharged him from the railroad office. Then, because he had such infallible taste and such unique ideas about millinery, Billy started the Establishment Miss Donoghue in New York with his fiancee,

**ORRIS O'DONOGHUE** as the figurehead. Billy, himself, acted as Manager. His first customer was a wealthy woman,

**MRS. PENNINGTON PRICE,** and the young Manager asked her the outrageous price of $500 for the hat she fancied.

This story started in No. 27, the Ledger for July 3. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

"PARDON me, just a minute," said Billy, and then he dashed away to the private office.

Mrs. Pennington Price had not evinced any surprise when he told her the hat cost him $500, but on the Manager's return, she said:

"It's beautiful, but I should not care to pay that much money. Show me something less expensive. You have them, have you not?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure, low as $50, but we've nothing made up we would sell you. There's not a hat in the place but this one you could wear."

"Do you mind my trying some of them? I might fancy one. Perhaps our tastes differ."

"It's not a question of personal tastes, madame, the Establishment simply cannot allow itself to make mistakes, but I shall be very glad to have you try all of them if you wish. I think you will say we are right. The hat you have on is the only one you should wear."

"Well, let me look around; let me try this one," indicating a lovely idea in yellow and blue.

"Vinet," to one of the girls, pointing to the hat. She brought it, placing the hat deftly on Mrs. Price's head. The Manager stood perfectly still, the lady went to the mirror, then she smiled.

"No, not for me, tho it is beautiful."

She tried a number more, saying something pretty about each one, and, finally, to the Manager, "Will this hat be duplicated?"

"Utterly impossible. Our methods of art lines would not admit it. The moment you buy this hat the drawing will be destroyed. The picture will never be repeated."

"You may send it home, please," giving her address. "You'll take my check, won't you?"

"Certainly; right here, please," pointing to a beautiful little desk where Mrs. Price wrote out a check from a dainty little book of pink leather that quite matched the show room.

"You've a remarkable place, haven't you?" she said, as she handed the paper to the Manager.

"Yes, possibly, but every Establishment of this sort should be on the same lines. None other than produce really correct art, that's what we aim at. Thank you very much," and Mrs. Price was bowed out simply with politeness and a courtesy from the girl who had assisted her trying the hats. There was no deference.

Billy Mattis did not forget he was the Manager, when he retired to his private office with the check his customer, his very first customer, had given him. He was nervous, excited, but did not hold any conversation with himself. He simply entered the amount in his cash book and at once set to work drawing a hat he expected to sell one of the women whose face he remembered seeing at the private view. He could see the face quite plainly as he recalled it in his mind. He did not feel like Billy Mattis, he was entirely an artist and the Manager of quite an uniquely perfect Establishment.

Now, on the other hand, the two pretty Watteau girls and the two handsome pages in the reception room were excited. To them hats at one hundred dollars were far up in the exclusiveness of head wear and when the saw a woman paying five hundred, they felt that they had passed into a new sphere of life.

They did not talk about it—they had been ordered not to talk under any circumstances or at any time, they understood their high pay included obedience and they wanted the high pay. They looked at each other and the mental unspoken thought was that the Manager was a very great business man and they determined to break none of his rules, no matter how great the temptation or provocation.

On their way home, one boy said to the other: "That guy's got Morgan stung to death," and the other lad replied, "Tell me when to strike for more pay."

One girl said to the other: "Would you give five hundred for a hat like that?"

And the ready reply was: "Yes, if it made me look like that one did," and the response was, "He knows how to make hats, don't he?"

When Billy Mattis told Orris of the sale, she asked if he thought the hat was worth it.

He said, "Yes, it was," and he thought so, there was no doubt about that.

"It seems an awfully high price, Billy."

"Not under the circumstances. I fancy the poor woman never had a decent hat in her life before, judging from the one she wore."

"Why, I thought you said she was a very important woman?"

"So she is. She's Price's wife—Pennington Price, you know them. He's president of the S. T. G. & O. H. R. R.—Uncle Billy's friend."

"Oh, yes; then why in the world didn't she have a good hat?"

"Oh, Lord! Orris, can't you understand what I'm up to. Her hat was all right as a hat, tho not of any motive—it didn't mean anything and didn't compliment her face."

"Yes, Billy, I know that, I know what you are working for; I thought you meant her hats were ordinary."

"No, the stuff was all right, but they ought to have been used for tops of milk cans; that's it, for milk cans."

"My, I hope you've got it right, Billy. Where in the world will you find faces for all those we've made?"

"Never mind about that; we've started, they'll all go, see if they don't."

"Are they all five hundred dollar hats?"

"No, of course not. I've three or four at one thousand and none under three hundred."

"Stop! Billy, I'll scream if you keep on."

"Why, don't you believe I know their value?"

"I don't know, Billy, I'm feeling awfully queer over this business. Do you know I almost wish you'd never sell any and wind up and go home. Don't look that way. I'm not backing out. You know I would not do that on you, Billy."

"No, Orris, I know you wouldn't."

"But at times I'd like to. Billy, you've got me all tied up. You're not the same

***Coming—In Three Weeks—The Great Mystery Number of the Ledger!***

# The Great Mystery Number of the Ledger!

at all, Billy. I never knew you. My faith!—you know—how I believed in you. You knew that, didn't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, frightened as I am, you're making way beyond what I expected. I'm awfully nervous tonight, Billy. You've put everything you had in the world in this, now didn't you? You told me half, but it's all in now, isn't it?"

"Now, Orris, don't worry," and he took her in his arms and kissed her. "Every cent's coming back, a hundred fold. Now, early to bed—good night, dream of hats—the most wonderful hats in the world."

"I'll try Billy; good-by, good-by."

For a long time after the first sale no one bought anything. People came in, looked at the hats and at the pretty girls and the two picturesque boys. Some wanted to see Miss O'Donoghue, and freely expressed their surprise on being told of her terms for an interview. Some were astonished and some seemed amused at the prices.

But there were no sales. The Watteau girls made their charming courtesies and any one could see that the ladies wanted the hats and that most of them had discovered how different they were from the usual make. They whispered among themselves that the Manager was interesting, polite, charming, an artist—but no one bought.

Billy was always cheerful, not a cloud, no one would have discovered from his appearance how low the bank balance was—but Orris did. Under the lamplight as they went home, part of which they always walked, she discovered it.

The play for the day was over. He couldn't keep it up when alone with her. Then she asked him a great many questions. He had always been open with her ever since she had known him. So she got it out of him that the money was all gone—was all in hats, in the expenses of the place. It cost an enormous sum she learned to run a store in New York.

"But we don't owe a cent, Orris; only don't get scared."

"But I am, Billy, I can't help it."

"Try to help it, I'm not."

"Billy!"

"No, honestly I'm not. Little bit worried, that's all. I'll have two thousand cash tomorrow to brace the bank account."

"Your ruby pin, I knew it. You didn't have it on. Oh, Billy, I'm sorry. It's terrible."

"Now, Orris, don't carry on like that. I tell you it'll all come all right."

"Oh, yes, I know you think so and it's wrong in me to worry you, but I can't help it. Billy, let's go somewhere for supper. I'm too upset to go home. You 'phone Auntie. Will you?"

"Best thing in the world; let's go to Gironds—we can have a quiet corner all to ourselves. What do you say?"

"Yes, that'll be nice."

Nobody notices any one at Gironds'. It seemed to be known to the patrons that no one wished to be seen by any one else. There were all sorts of crazy corners and bay windows beyond screens. They had often taken supper there and the menu was always good.

On this visit it did not matter much to either of them and their order was very simple. They wanted a place to talk. It seemed to them both they must talk things over together.

"Now, Orrie, it's just this; the thing's got to work out all right. It can't help itself."

"But how, Billy? What'll we do when the money's all gone?"

"Yes, dearie, but it won't ever be all gone."

"How do you know that? If we don't sell the hats there'll be none coming in."

"Orris, don't you think the hats are good?"

"Good? Yes, I know they are. Splendid, Billy; they're too good. They're above the women who buy good hats."

"There, don't worry. They'll sell. Just wait."

"Billy, why don't you lower the prices? Don't you think we're too far above everybody in the whole scheme?"

"Orris!" and his mouth twitched and there was a little tremble in his hand as he held the stem of his glass.

"Why, Billy, what's the matter?"

"Orris, I wonder if you do know me? Uncle Billy, your dad, all the rest of them, put me down as a lightweight of the worst sort, but I thought you did know me—had guessed me out. A butterfly to some, perhaps seems a trifler, Orris, but the naturalists know better. For God's sake, don't you lose faith and ask me to change the scheme." Then he lowered his voice almost to a whisper. "Orris, the prices may be advanced, but never one cent lower. Now, don't cry; I'm not cross, and I can't kiss you here."

"I'm sorry, Billy, I thought perhaps——"

"Orris, there's no perhaps now in what I'm working out."

"No, no! I didn't mean that. I only thought I might—oh, I don't know what I meant. The whole thing's so strange. I fancy I'm frightened, but I'll hold out, Billy, upside down as am, I've more faith in you than ever. Now, listen, dear; I've all my jewels with me at Aunt Roberts; I'll bring them down to you tomorrow."

"No, dear, I won't let you do that, tho you're the most glorious girl in the world. Now, keep still 'till I look." Then he kissed her. "Orris, the tide turns tomorrow. See if it don't."

---

Billy Mattis, having been left in his very modest room in a very unostentatious apartment, the Manager of the Establishment Miss O'Donoghue, stood in all the dignity of cultured confidence in the beautiful Watteau show room.

The living reproductions of the charming boys and girls in the lovely panels were in their positions for the day. The fragrance from a great bowl of fresh cut roses seemed to blend the atmosphere of the room with that of the pictures. The whole setting was a feast for any one who loves art when it makes for the joy of pleasure.

The world's Billy Mattis had been left behind—perhaps forever. The Billy Mattis he thought himself to be was now at work. The man of his own dreams, the power he thought himself to be was now a reality. The seeming rainbow of his thoughts, the bits of color of his idle moments, the wild fancies of his never-resting ego, the strength of the lighter vein in his make-up, always riding him over the thought of failure, had now concentrated in a being he knew as the Manager of the wonderful going effort into which he had thrown his fortune.

In perfect confidence he waited the day's beginning. No one can explain why things happen and all any one knows is that they do happen—but why stop to argue? The customer came in, a large woman with a jolly face, her hat on the extreme top of her head, followed by a pretty girl.

"Yes, this is the place, Allie, I know it is." Turning to the Manager, "I wonder if you have a hat I ought to wear? Mrs. Pennington Price sent me."

The Manager looked carefully over the lady, begging her pardon as he walked up and down before her and then back of her.

"Vinet, number six hundred and forty."

The girl opened a case and handed him a splendid hat. Why try to describe it? The Manager didn't—he had told himself that it was glorious, and this was the sort of woman he had evolved it for and now she was here. He believed there was no other woman in the world could wear this hat; with its single white feather the production was unique. He knew milliners had been perching rosebuds and tying pompoms on this magnificent woman's head ever since she had worn hats, right on the very top. She herself had grown to think she should never wear anything else and no friend had ever had the courage to tell her what a fool she looked—what a tidbit for the funny man.

"I think you should wear this, allow me. Vinet, the lady's hat."

"Now," as the young girl deftly placed the one he held on the lady's head. "Won't you step to the glass."

"Auntie, it's splendid. Oh! it's glorious!"

"What do you think of it?" to the Manager.

"We could suggest nothing else, it compliments you in every way."

"Isn't it very large?"

"No, I think not."

"Nonsense, Auntie, it's just the thing."

"It's very different from anything I ever had, Allie. Now, isn't it?"

"Auntie, it's lovely. You never looked so well in your life. It's splendid."

"What's the price?"

"One thousand dollars."

"What?"

"A thousand dollars," this very quietly, quite as tho he was saying ten dollars.

"A thousand dollars! Why man, you're crazy! Allie, did you hear him? A thousand dollars!"

"It's a lot of money, Auntie, but I fancy it's worth it. No, no, Auntie, don't take it off—look at yourself again."

"Child, you're a bigger fool than I thought. If that fool Mrs. Price throws her money away, I don't."

"Yes, but Auntie, you know you never had one like this before. My, but it's beautiful. Now, don't bother, just buy it."

"Young man, I like this hat but I don't pay such prices—show me something cheaper."

"Sorry, but that is the only hat we have that the Establishment would sell you. We could make you one, perhaps at nine hundred, but most likely we would not let it go out. We never sell a hat that is not complimentary to face and figure. This hat, Madam, is perfect."

"Is Miss O'Donoghue in?"

"Yes, but every moment of the day is taken. Would you like to make an appointment for, say Friday? The charge is twenty-five dollars the sitting—a quarter of an hour."

"What?"

"Auntie, dear, you mustn't. Mrs. Price told us that."

"That woman jokes. Do you mean to say you charge to see the proprietor?"

"Miss O'Donoghue's time is very valuable, the charge is only a nominal one. It would pay her better if the time could be saved. You've no idea how busy she is."

"She must be."

The Manager only smiled at this remark.

"Auntie, dear, take the hat—you know you don't care about the price. Come, now, that's a dear."

"Well, what about your hat?"

"Oh! I forgot that. Never mind today."

"Well, I guess not. What have you got for this young lady," to the Manager.

He looked at her a moment. "Vinet, No. 367—No. 368—No. 369."

"Auntie, I think he's splendid. He's an artist."

"He's a grafter."

"Hush, hush, he's coming."

The girl brought the hats—all color schemes in blue.

"Any one of these hats will suit the young lady's face correctly, I think. How's this?"

"Oh! Auntie, look, it's splendid. No, I won't try any more."

"Pardon me, just a moment. Try this one. Vinet, take that one away," handing her the third hat. "This is better, don't you think so?"

"Yes, yes, I fancy so. They're both lovely."

"What's the price?" from the elder woman.

"Three hundred."

"Thanks, I thought you were going to say three thousand."

The Manager only smiled, that was all.

"What do you say, Allie; you can buy

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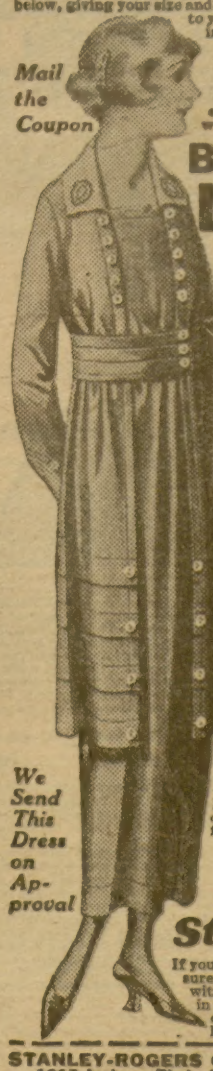

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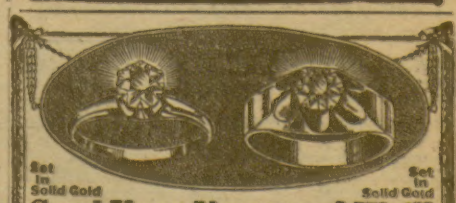

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This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face in a single night. For removing wrinkles and developing the bust, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She turned her scrawny figure into a beautiful bust and well-developed form. She had thin, scrawny eye-lashes and eyebrows which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face in a single night.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no common massage, no harmful plasters, no worthless creams.

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It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed. She has thousands of letters on file like the following.

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The valuable new **beauty book** which Madame Clare is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will tell you absolutely free; about her various new beauty treatments and will show our readers:

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**How to remove superfluous hair;**
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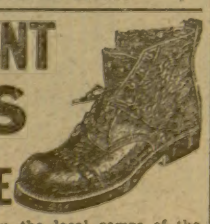

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# *Coming—In Three Weeks—*

ten just as good in Pittsburgh?"

"I'm going to take it and you must take yours."

"I guess not."

"Now, Auntie, don't be foolish. You know you want it."

"Yes, but the price. Your Uncle Joe will think I'm looney."

"Hush, hush, not so loud, Auntie; he'll hear you."

"What if he does? He's heard worse than me, depend on that." Then to the Manager: "Young man, your prices are something fierce."

"Sorry you think so, but I'm positive you'll be pleased with the hat if you buy it."

"Much you care about that."

"Madame, we never sell a hat unless we know it will be sure to please. Wasn't Mrs. Price pleased? You mentioned her, I think?"

"Yes, she said so, but I don't believe all I hear."

"Very safe way, I'm sure."

"Come, Auntie, we've lots to do. Make up your mind."

"Will you tell your Uncle?"

"Yes, I'll take the blame. We'll take both of them, if you please. You'll take a check, won't you?"

"Certainly, this way, please," pointing to the beautiful desk.

"Possibly you know me? Mrs. J. Dunn-Swink, Pittsburgh, Pa."

"Your husband's firm, perfectly. Shall we send them together by express?"

"Not at all; we're at the Plaza, will be there some days."

"Thank you; you'll be pleased, I know. Vinet, take the address. They'll be delivered today. Thank you. Won't you call again before you leave town."

"Well, I guess not, no more hats this trip. Come, Allie. Good morning, sir," and one of the boys opened the door for their exit.

Billy Mattis excused himself to the waiting ladies and went to his private office. This time he trembled just a trifle as he placed the check in the safe.

---

Billy Mattis as himself did not think anything about such a thing as luck. As the Manager of the most unique millinery Establishment in the world, luck could not be considered at all. Such a consideration would be entirely contrary to the scheme he had formulated and was following out in the conduct of the business.

He believed in himself absolutely and loved and cherished the fact that Orris also believed in him. Loving the art of combining color and form, and intuitively knowing his working out of the same produced effects that were pleasing to knowing and correct visions, his confidence of success, even at the point where his whole fortune had disappeared, remained unshaken.

He did worry over the fright of Orris. He loved her. Pain for her was a greater pain for him. Yet he never suggested that she should go home and leave him with all the trouble. That was cruel of him and he knew it, but the girl was part of the scheme.

He felt her presence among the work people helped the perfection of their work on the things he designed. This was all real to him, he could not get away from it. Her being with him, under him, about him, working out the thoughts he suggested, which she did, assisted him quite as much as the wonderful suggestions of combinations that grew in his mind, making him use the color schemes he did to produce the beautifully correct headgear that made the Establishment Miss O'Donoghue famous, for that it became almost at once.

Again he discovered women should never be consulted as to what they should wear. That not one in a thousand knew anything of the correct combination of face and dress. That if you gave in to a woman, it was all over. He never allowed a hat to leave the Establishment that did not please his own ego, satisfying him that the hat suited the face and figure.

No one ever discovered this in his manner or way of saying things, tho possibly the tone of his voice and the altogether correctness of his appearance made women feel he was so in earnest they did not wish to risk differing with him. They wanted to look well, to use their beauty or add to it, to save themselves from the fate of plainness.

So the Establishment Miss O'Donoghue became the end of sentiment and the hope, sorrow or discontent for the thousands of women whose husbands, fathers or uncles, could make or get money. This all belonged in the scheme of Billy Mattis. His own income of five thousand a year was entirely too small for his needs. His position in life would not allow him to marry as an honest, fair fellow on such a trifle, much as he loved Orris and her beauty, for love would never have come to him had she not been beautiful.

He loved his talent and trusted it with all the care and regard he could possibly conceive. His talent he intended should make him rich. He knew what the world said of him; in repose—what a splendid looking fellow; in business—what an ass. Yet he knew the world had missed it. The world had mistaken the lightness of a part of his make-up for a hollow head. Thought him an ass for his insisting that everything in the going along of life should be for the making of a world beautiful, or at least, correct.

The coming of good luck made no change in the manner of Billy Mattis. He loved the character of Manager of his unique millinery establishment more and more as the days went by. He was always the same agreeable, confident, self-possessed person, who was on the best of terms with the world, but who had no intention that the world should in any way dictate either the terms or ways of doing things in the making or sale of hats for ladies, who had the means to buy such hats, as they really needed to assist or compliment nature that they might be pleasing to any one who cared to take a look, or whose duty it was to look.

After the visit of the jolly woman from Pittsburgh, customers came from everywhere. The Manager did not advance the price with the increase in business, tho he discovered the world he was looking to for custom was not so much surprised at his enormous prices as that he had the courage to ask them. A few women had gone away without buying, but even they had told others that the hats were worth the prices.

One rather pompous person, with a really good old Dutch name, and plenty of money, made an appointment for an interview with Miss O'Donough. The lady stated openly her idea was simply curiosity. The Manager heard her say this, but did not discover it, giving her a card with the date and hour marked.

That evening he coached Orris on the interview and explained fully, the time must be kept absolutely free from anything outside the one subject—hats.

The lady came and was shown to the workroom by one of the Watteau girls. Her astonishment at the beautiful workroom, the charming group of young women and the lovely mistress, who sat in their midst, was entirely natural.

To Orris it was an ordeal, but the months she had worked and thought out things in this singular atmosphere, had made her a part of it and helped her to act or more truly live out the role Billy was playing her in. As this beautiful girl deftly held up the different colored silks, ribbons, feathers and ornaments to the side of her face or gently touched her hair with them, and then walked around her looking intently at her head, the lady lost all her pomposity and her curiosity faded away.

Exactly at the end of the fifteen minutes a bell rang and the door was opened by a boy and Miss O'Donough simply said, "It was very kind of you to come. If you order, do try my suggestions; I'm sure they'll make the hat you want."

That was all. It was perfectly plain, the interview was over.

The lady gave the manager her order on going out.

"Make the hat just as Miss O'Donough will tell you. I want it that way, please."

To her friends, she said, "Go see her. It beats anything I ever heard of. See her for yourself. Oh! yes, she's charming. I don't know where she came from. Oh, no, you wouldn't ask her. Yes, yes, she's the most beautiful milliner I ever saw. Yes, she's a well-bred woman; there's no doubt about that. She's only a girl, too."

And the people did make appointments, lots of them. Then Orris told Billy she could not stand it any more. Told him this way.

"Billy, it's killing me. I know it's foolish. It's only business, but I can't help it. I'll scream out some day or else I'll cry."

"Orris, Orris, oh! I'm so sorry, you must never do it again. I never thought it would work on you like that."

"Oh, yes, Billy, I know that. I know you did not know it, but we can't stop now, can we? Oh, no, Billy, I'll never go back on you. I'll get thru it somehow."

"Orris, you're splendid. You're the grandest girl in the world. Now, we'll just cut out the interviews, no more at any price. They interrupt things anyway, don't they?"

"Yes, but they're part of the scheme, aren't they?"

"Yes, a big part, but I think we've got Mrs. Vermeer Olden, she's the top. I sold her the gold and wine combination this morning. One thousand! Funny, I dreamt that hat."

"Billy, you don't keep awake all night, too, do you?"

"Heavens, no! Sleep like a top. I dreamt it, yes, honestly, then drew it in the morning. Port wine, gold, she had

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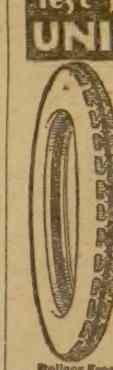

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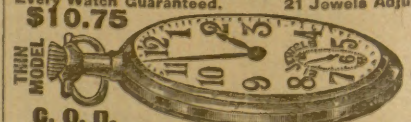


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sea-green eyes—taken together—an opalesque effect. She was here three times, I couldn't please myself. Told her so. Wouldn't sell her a hat in the place. Asked her to come back once more. She almost told me I was crazy. Why, she offered to take the little toque in silver and red, mind you, and I wouldn't let her have it."

"Billy, if I had your part of it I should have died from excitement."

"Not a bit of it. Don't you think I meant what I said? Orris, I'm so deep in this now it hurts when I miss it. Silver and red on a woman with sea-green eyes. Orris, I can't tell you why, but it hurts me to think it. It's true, I'm not talking nonsense."

"I don't know, Billy, but I'm afraid we're both pretty deep in it. I'm glad you sleep. I didn't want to tell you but I don't any more."

"Oh, Orris, you should have told me," he put his arms around her. "Not another sitting. No more of that. But as I said, the work's all done now as far as selling the hats. They've got to come. Mrs. Vermeer Olden sets the fashion and the rest of the money people have got to follow. She's the fashion, she's a smart woman. She saw the hat completed the effect she wanted. Then she knows how to wear hats. No more nasty tiresome sittings for Orris. Now, dear, I'll run away and the beautiful Miss O'Donough must make a big run for by-by's. Good-night."

---

When Mrs. Vermeer Olden did a thing the people who bought things followed. The Establishment Miss O'Donoghue passed from the state of a growing business to that of a fast running, galloping success. Billy Mattis was a hard man to surprise; no one had ever taken him by surprise. He knew lots of people thought him an ass; even that did not surprise him as he guessed it out that most of the people in the world missed it badly on most things they believed or thought. Personally, there were not very many damns he cared what the world thought. He at times doubted himself, but he never believed he was an ass. He believed in his ability to combine colors and arrange them for pleasing effects, and knew his taste was perfect. There was no doubt about that.

He had expected the business he had started would pay, make sufficient money for the allowing of his marriage with Orris. He never got the blues, and perhaps the loss of all his money would not have made him unhappy, but it would be impossible to tell what he would have done had he finally come to the point where he must give up this one woman whom he knew did understand him. He did not know anything about any imaginary condition called love—he only knew they ought to get married, and he also knew perfectly well his five thousand a year would not be sufficient to save them from financial tragedy—so he did not take Orris at her word and marry.

Things were now fast turning his way, or both their ways, and all of his money had come back. He must now go on. Nothing less than a very large fortune would do. The profits they made at the Establishment were very large, but it would take at least two years to make the sum he needed to live the life he wished for Orris, and he knew he could not keep her very much longer from her family, as already they had started chiding her for her very long visit with Aunt Roberts.

Then bad news came about Uncle Billy. There was something wrong with the N. O. V. R. R. Co. The stock had fallen way below par. Orris' father had even braved the anger of Uncle Billy and asked the reason, but received no satisfaction; in fact, he was told "to go to the devil." When he insisted on knowing if there was anything wrong and on explaining that he represented the family, a large part of whose fortunes were in the company, was told again, "he could take the family along with him."

Now Billy, in the singularity of his mental make-up had studied Uncle Billy and did not worry over this. He told Orris he hoped her Dad, whom he knew to be an ass, would not bother Uncle Billy too much, as he felt pretty sure the old man knew what the trouble was and would stop it at the right time.

As Billy Mattis he worried over Orris and did not wish her to suffer in any way. As Manager of the Establishment Miss O'Donoghue he wanted to keep her with him, and subconsciously took her simply as part of his scheme to make the only correct head wear for women that had ever been made as far as he could find out. Then again, as Billy Mattis he did not trust himself very far in money matters, and he had to argue considerably with himself before he decided the Manager should be influenced by his, Billy's, opinion of his Uncle Billy.

He was sure his Uncle was himself putting the price of the N. O. V. R. R. stock down. Whether to shake off certain people he wanted out of the road or whether as a means of enlarging his already vast fortune, he did not know. Finally, he decided the Manager should buy, and buy he did—at 40—only a few thousand, outright. Then he threw in twenty thousand at 39. In a few days the price fell to 35—he did not buy.

Business was exceedingly brisk at the Establishment, and by the time he had an opportunity to call for a quotation it was 3 o'clock. The sales that day were twenty hats at from one hundred to eight hundred dollars each, with a profit of at least six thousand. By the evening papers he learned the price of N. O. V. R. R. was 30, and a very small paragraph in the financial gossip column, which by accident caught his eye, stated. "Philadelphia seems to be frightened and is running away from N. O. V. R. R." And a paragraph below, "N. O. V. R. R. increased its earnings by over a million net for the past month."

The next morning the market opened at 29. Billy bought five thousand shares at 31 on a margin of ten dollars. Fifty thousand dollars did not seem anything to him at this time, as his prosperity had come so rapidly after the turn for success. However, he was just a little anxious, and at noon went to his brokers.

When he came in, Gardiner, the head of the firm, greeted him with apparent cordiality.

"The Madam's in luck, Manager, N. O. V. R. R. Co. at 40."

"So? That's good. Now, tell you what you do, get me ten thousand at 41 or better."

In a few minutes the broker told him it was all right.

After he had gone Gardiner said to his partner: "I know that man. His name's Mattis, he's old Billy Mattis' nephew."

"You don't mean it!"

"By God, I do, and don't you see—this O'Donoghue business is all buncomb. Hello! Good Lord, man, N. O. V. sells at 50. Quick, find out where it comes from," and Gardiner hurried to the phone.

In a few minutes he turned to the other man. "Phila, by God! Wait, it's gone to 60."

Just then Billy returned. "What is it now?"

"Sixty."

"So? Buy me ten thousand at 65 or better. Please be quick."

"Sure. O. K. 62."

"Thank you."

"For Miss O'Donoghue?" as Billy handed him a check signed "The Establishment Miss O'Donoghue, W. Blabon Mattis, Manager."

"For Miss O'Donoghue's individual account, you understand?" and went out.

When the Manager came in the Establishment he found two ladies waiting for him. They wished to arrange for an interview with Miss O'Donoghue. The Manager said it was impossible, Miss O'Donoghue had found she could not arrange to have any more interviews. The ladies were surprised, but the Manager, tho very much grieved, could not help them.

"But we want to see her about hats. We expect to order."

"Awfully sorry. Won't you let me help you?"

"Why, of course. Do you arrange for the making of the hats?"

"I do everything, then Miss O'Donoghue passes on them. Vinet, take the lady's hat. Now, try this on."

"Lovely, charming, don't you think so?" to her friend.

"Yes, it's a dear, isn't it? Just the hat for you."

"Pardon me, ladies, it won't do, it won't do at all. Don't you see it shades the face too much, but won't you try it?" to the other lady. "Vinet, the lady's hat. Now, there you are, the hat suits your figure. Vinet, number 647. Oh, yes, this is the hat for you, Madam. See, am I not right?" turning to the second lady, who was admiring herself in the mirror.

"It's perfectly lovely, just the thing for you, dear, and I'll take this—it

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# TABLETS

pleases me," turning to the Manager. "Is it correct? You know, I'm going to leave it entirely with you."

"Absolutely complimentary, nothing could harmonize better."

"What is the price?"

"One thousand each."

"My! What a price."

"Yes. Vinet, assist the ladies."

"Isn't it rather high."

"No, I think not. Won't you excuse me for a moment," and the Manager disappeared in the private office.

"It's awful, dear, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose it is, but you know I told you the prices here were fearful."

"Well, what do you say?"

"Oh! I shall take mine. Tom won't care, may grouch a little, but not when he sees me with it on."

"Well, I suppose I'll have to do the same. What a singular man, I wonder who he is?"

"Dear knows. I rather like him. Sh! Sh! here he comes."

The Establishment did not lose a customer, every one came back. Many came in who did not buy, but after the Manager once sold them, once decorated their heads, young and old, they were sure to come back and very soon the astonishing prices they paid did not seem to bother them. It was evident he enjoyed trying on the hats, and his pleasure or disgust at their fitness or incongruity, was really genuine. Some of the women were difficult to combine with anything he could think out and it worked his ingenuity to the supreme effort to gain success, tho his capacity for work was enormous.

To Orris he rarely showed the slightest trace of fatigue or worry, tho she did discover certain little lines of care around his mouth. His words were all for the joyous happiness, and now he seemed to be only solicitous of her. The business they both knew was a success, prosperity came in great shoals of money. Then he told her of his ventures in N. O. V. R. R. and what he thought Uncle Billy was up to.

At first she was frightened, but also knowing Uncle Billy's way of doing things, on second thought the worry passed.

"Do you think Uncle Billy will be able to put the scheme thru?"

"Not a doubt in the world."

"Do you think it right, Billy?"

"I don't know, Orris. Uncle Billy's been doing it all his life."

"That don't make it right."

"No, of course not, but if he don't do it the other fellow will do him."

"What other fellow?"

"This time, I think it's Shotwell. You see, Shotwell tried to buy up the road. Uncle Billy was on. When he gets old Shots pretty well loaded up, mind you, I don't know this, I only guess it this way—Uncle Billy pushes it to him good and hard, purposely breaks the market, the more Shots and his crowd buy, the more Uncle Billy throws out. Then Shots gets scared, literally frightened off. He and his crowd throw everything overboard and our sly old Unkie helps things along some by throwing out a lot more and down she goes to 29.

"Then somebody starts a little buying—that's you—the Establishment Miss O'Donoghue, just a tweeny little breeze. But, your Uncle Billy, like the old buffalo he is, smells that little tweeny breeze. He thinks it's Shots back again. Then he buys back, let's it out the old man's on the buy. Everybody buys and Miss O'Donoghue makes a million! It's in the bank, dearie. A clean, decent, jolly million and everybody said little Billy—little Billy Mattis was an ass—simply an ass."

"Billy!"

"Yes, Orris, everybody but you, in the whole d—n world you and I live in, said it, and by God! thought it."

"Billy!"

"Yes, dearie, but you don't think I cared, do you? I knew you didn't think it and I knew it wasn't so myself."

"Billy, you're the most wonderful man in the world! They'll all know it now."

"Not if I have to tell it. Don't think I care. Orris, I'm only glad because now I can take care of you and you won't care if I do go crazy on a bit of color, now will you?"

"Billy," and he took her in his arms and by this time it was very late and Billy Mattis went to his rooms to sleep the night out that the Manager might do good work tomorrow.

---

So the days ran along. Billy Mattis closed his holdings in the N. O. V. R. R. and added considerably more than a million dollars to the bank account. It did not seem anything extraordinary to him that this should have happened, and as Orris had for months been living in such a strange and fantastic atmosphere it did not surprise her very much. The strain and excitement was becoming very hard on her and a wish to get out of it all had now come over her.

In a few days—"Billy," she said, "what if I get sick?"

"Orris, nothing's wrong, is there?"

"I don't know, Billy, I'm feeling awfully queer at times. Billy, we've been thru a lot, haven't we?" and she looked so very weary, Billy took her in his arms. "Billy, I can't go any further. The strain is breaking me. I shall go all to pieces soon. Can't you see it, dear?"

"Yes, Orris, you must stop now. We don't need to go any farther."

"You won't worry, Billy, if I go. Oh, I'm so sorry I have to give up. Tell me, Billy, have you really got all this money you tell me about?"

"Why? Orris, why do you say that?"

"I don't know, Billy. Everything seems so unreal. It's just like a play to me. Is it really real, Billy?"

"Every dollar of it, Orris. It is like a play, tho, isn't it?"

"That's what is killing me, Billy. I've been acting all the time. I didn't want to discourage you, dear; it wasn't the work, but the play. And Billy, dear, the girls all love me. Poor girls, we must take care of them, Billy. They thought I was just a woman who worked. Just worked. They couldn't have understood me had I told them. Oh, I'm glad I may go home. When may I go, Billy?"

"Tonight, dearest; you need never come back."

"But what will you do, Billy?"

"I'm going with you."

"With me?"

"Yes, dearest, I couldn't go on without you. I've been playing, too, Orris, tho it wasn't hard for me. I've been living a dream, Orris. My dream of colors and compliment in art, of keeping within correct combinations. You know, I've talked it all out to you—for years and years. I knew, Orris, if I did what I was made for, it would bring money. It's that way for all men."

"Billy, you're wonderful!"

"No, it's only nature controlling things. It had to be. Then I couldn't marry you without money. You did it, Orris. You were the one great thing in the whole scheme. The whole thing now falls to pieces."

"Oh, Billy, then you'll lose a lot of money."

"It's only a trifle, dear, but it would all have to go if it killed you, don't you see, dear. But it don't matter now. We're very rich, Orris, thanks to Uncle Billy, richer than I ever expected."

"Why Uncle Billy?"

"Why, don't you see, the half a million the Establishment made wouldn't have been enough for us to live on—would it?"

"It's a lot of money."

"Not for us. You know we agreed when we were really only kids we'd starve to death on my five thousand—didn't we?"

"Yes, that's true, but Billy, dear, it wasn't I who said it. It was you. Now wasn't it? I had to give in, didn't I?"

"Yes, I suppose so, but we couldn't have done it, could we?"

"No, I suppose not, but tell me about Uncle Billy."

"Why, don't you see, it was Uncle Billy's road. I guessed out Uncle Billy had a fight with old man Shots and saw a chance to break Shots and make a lot of money. Then I went in, or you went in—Miss O'Donoghue," and he hugged her, "went in and out you came with over a million dollars."

"Is it Uncle Billy's money?"

"Heavens, no! Nobody ever gets any of that; Uncle Billy never hands out anything."

"Well, whose money is it?"

"The Lord only knows, I don't."

"Somebody must have lost it, mustn't they, Billy?"

"It's not done that way, Orris, dear. It's simply business. When they can't make it come out on their side, they go get more and try to get back."

"Can they do that?"

"They can, but they don't very often."

"What if they come after you, Billy? You might have to give it back."

"Never in the world, Orris."

"Why, Billy? If they get it back even sometimes, from others, why not from you?"

"Orris, dear, I've studied Uncle Billy's methods for a year—right in his office. He thought I was an ass—the most ass-like fellow he ever knew. I wanted to tell him some time what I thought of him, but I didn't, but I learned a lot, Orris."

"Will you tell him now?"

"Orris, Orris, you're the dearest, sweetest little girl in the world, and a glorious actress, but as a financier you're hopeless. Uncle Billy's worth forty millions."

"Billy!"

"Every cent of it."

"Then he's the meanest man in the world. He never gave Daddy a cent, and Daddy's his own brother."

"And I'm his own nephew and he never gave me anything but insults. Why, Orris, he once told me I ought to have been a barkeep."

"Billy'?"

"God's truth."

"No, Billy. What did you say?"

"I couldn't say anything; I thought he would think I expected pay for my cocktails. Lord, how he loves my cocktails! They're the only ones he can drink."

"Then you won't say anything about the million."

"No, not a word. It all came out of hats."

"I don't know, Billy, but it is all very strange. Really, don't I have to go back any more?"

"Never, never, never! We're to marry tomorrow and then home—home to build our fairy house and live our natural lives."

"But who said we were to marry tomorrow?"

"I said it. You wouldn't wish any one else to say it."

"No, no, I shouldn't. No, I wouldn't like it that way. But Billy, are you ever going to make me act again?"

"No, dearie; the fantasy we've acted couldn't be done more than once. The actors would die. Love is the only play that's real. We've made our poverty govern our love for a long time, dearie, but no more. Love's to have the rest of us."

Then he took her in his arms and kissed her as the bees do the flowers.

THE END.

# The Girl In the Purple Petals

(Continued From Page 4)

"Oh, you musty old fool—you meddler! O, I could—oh, oh, oh," she buried her face in the soft petals and sobbed bitterly.

"My child," I said, edging closer to the blossom and taking her hand in my own, "my child, forgive me. I didn't know; and, well, that incubus Aloysius is responsible. He told me to plant one seed, not both of them. It was his command." I said some other things, too, which sound quite silly to me, now that I recall them. But she was very beautiful and it distressed me sorely to see her weeping.

"But if you only knew how dear Hecula is to me. And Apalonius promised that we should bloom together every hundred years, forever and ever. Tell me," she raised her face and looked into my eyes, her own limpid ones glistening with moisture, "has it been a hundred years?"

"I'm afraid it has. You see, Aloysius, who is always exhuming things and sending them to me with a lot of nonsensical instructions, disinterred Apalonius last spring from the tomb where he had lain for 8,000 years——"

"Eight thousand years! O, the pity of it! Eighty times should I have seen Hecula. And now——" The damask lips trembled ominously.

"Never mind," I said soothingly, "lovers must have their trials with their pleasures, and it will all come right in the end. I promise it."

"Nevertheless, I think I shall just lie down again and let the petals fold up once more. It is the only way I can forget. But you must promise to preserve the seed which you will find in the dry pod tomorrow morning."

"I promise. But before you go, do you mind telling me how you came to be locked up with the life of a plant? You see, Aloysius will be in a fine rage if I do not make a full report of this affair."

"Very well, I shall, to please you—not Aloysius. Did you ever hear of Demartus, the great scientist, who wrought so many wonders during the reign of King Virginius?"

"No."

"How odd! Some great misfortune must have befallen my poor country. But, anyhow, it was this scientist, Demartus, who discovered a method by which he could engraft human beings into the life of this plant, which, by the way, is the perpetual cicacia. It blossoms only once every century for one night, then withers into a single seed. Hecula and I were lovers who guarded the king's flocks on the plains of Arcadia. We reasoned that to bloom together one night every hundred years forever and ever would be better than to live and grow old and die in a few short years. You see, one night in a hundred years forever amounts to a good bit more."

"Of course; and you consented to test the experiment. He must have been a remarkable man. Did he do many such things as this—this reincarnation of the two lovers?"

"Oh, yes, many such things. It seems so odd that you never heard of him. I can't imagine what has happened to the world."

"Did he attempt to solve the riddle of perpetual youth?"

"He was working on that; but since you never heard of it——"

"Yes, I presume he died before he brought his work to completion."

"He must have."

"Such a man could do a great deal of good in the world."

"Not always. One of the saddest things I ever heard of was the result of a mistake on his part. A pitiable occurrence."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. You see, there was a noble shepherd, called Donald the Pure, who was known thruout the kingdom for his beauty and his virtue. Such a youth, said the king, should be a maiden; and he offered a great largess to Demartus if the latter should succeed in changing Donald into a damsel. For three whole years he worked on the experiment before he succeeded; that is, if you may call the tragedy which resulted a success. For no sooner was Donald transformed into the maiden Donaldine than she remembered the beautiful Donald and fell desperately in love with him. She pined and sickened and fretted until the king, out of compassion, ordered Demartus to turn Donaldine back into Donald. But, lo! when she became Donald, Donald in turn was in love with Donaldine. It was distressing. The end of the matter was that Donald killed himself, and Donaldine was never heard of again."

"Dear me!"

"And now, if there is nothing more you care to ask, I shall fold up the petals and entrust myself to Hecula and to you."

"My dear," I said, "I feel that I owe you some reparation for the annoyance I have caused you. A hundred years is a long while to be shut up in a plant. Isn't there something I can do which will take the edge from the wearisome wait?"

"Oh, no. The time passes just as in sleep. Why, it seems like last night that Hecula and I bloomed together in the banquet hall of King Apalonius. The greatest favor you can do me is to guard well the seed which you will find tomorrow when the bloom is withered into a dry pod. Preserve it, together with the other one, as you would the apple of your eye."

"That I shall do, and as for Aloysius, I shall give him a piece of my mind."

"You must not grieve over this little mistake. I suppose it is good for us to suffer occasionally." As she spoke, she leaned forward. "Good-by." I felt the tremulous touch of moist, warm lips on my forehead.

The next moment, with a rustle and snap, the petals folded back over her figure until the flower was only a withering bud.

And then came the clatter of horses' hoofs outside on the pavement, together with the rumble of a cab. A little later there was a wild, exultant shout in the street. It was Aloysius—the jackass!

* * *

## On the Safe Side.

ALTHO Tim and Pat were known to be great friends, it was remarked that one morning they passed each other on the street without speaking.

"Why, Tim," queried a friend in astonishment, "have you and Pat quarreled?"

"Faith, we have not," replied Tim, earnestly.

"There seemed to be a coolness between you when you passed this morning."

"Well," explained Tim, "that's the way we're going to hold our friendship."

"I don't understand."

"Ye don't. Well, thin, it's this way. Pat un' me are that devoted to wan another that we can't bear the thought av a quarrel, an' as we're both moighty hot-tempered, we've resolved not to speak to wan another at all, for fear of breakin' our friendship."

* * *

## She Said It.

"I'M GOING over to comfort Mrs. Brown," said Mrs. Jackson to her daughter Mary. "Mr. Brown hanged himself in their attic a few weeks ago."

"Oh, mother, don't go; you always say the wrong thing."

"Yes, I'm going, Mary. I'll just talk about the weather. That's a safe enough subject."

Mrs. Jackson went over on her visit of condolence.

"We have had rainy weather lately, haven't we, Mrs. Brown?" she said.

"Yes," replied the widow; "I haven't been able to get the week's washing dried."

"Oh," said Mrs. Jackson, "I shouldn't think you would have any trouble. You have such a nice attic to hang things in."

* * *

## New Economy.

ECONOMY is all very well, but Mrs. Simpkins had got it badly. Her latest idea was to assemble her eight children—yes, she had eight, ranging from 2 to 11—and ask them sweetly:

"Now, who'll have a penny and go to bed without supper?"

And, naturally, most of the youngsters would accept the offer eagerly.

Then, in the morning, with her bright and cheery smile, she would gather them round the table and ask blithely:

"Now, who'll give mamma a penny for a nice breakfast?"

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# THIN ICE

(Continued From Page 7)

nard to ask him," Nancy continued.

"Then he will wait a mighty long time," Maynard announced. "And you let him alone, do you hear? I'll not have the neighbors talking foolish any more. Maybe he is a bit more educated than he used to be, but he is a crook for all of that, and you keep away from him."

Nancy nodded and smiled. As she got up from the table she patted the bald spot on the top of her father's head and went to help her mother with the dishes.

In the meantime the object of their remarks sat in the bedroom of his cabin before a log fire with the dog stretched upon a rug beside him. He was thinking of the girl—picturing her face in the flames and the red-embered ends of the logs, wondering if she suspected he was not what he appeared to be.

The only thing that he approved in the career of Henry Hamilton, so far as he knew it, was his selection of a sweetheart. The only thing he approved relating to that selection was her evident repudiation of it. The childish face of 16, as seen in the photograph, had matured in the maiden and become, as he recalled her appearance that day, lovelier and stronger in its appeal to his fancies. In the eyes of the girl on the threshold of womanhood he discerned both courage and independence, which gave him secret joy.

THE fear that she might discover his fraud gradually passed with the increasing conviction that whatever sentiment of love there might have been between her and the rightful Henry Hamilton existed solely in the imagination of the latter—and he was disposed to feel his position for the time being ordinarily secure. Prudence suggested that he avoid gossip by avoiding Nancy Maynard, but he knew, as he knew himself, that the lure was on him—that he would see her again and talk with her again whenever and wherever he had the chance.

In fact, the erect, full-rounded appearance of her figure, graceful and agile, acted as a sensuous magnet to his being. It brought his telescope into use with increasing regularity—and to such good purpose that she rarely ventured away from home without his knowing it. But he did not always go to meet her. The film of fancy has not yet become the mantle of infatuation. Listening to the voice of caution he timed his appearances with circumspection.

At first she was startled and afraid; then amazement as to how he had been able to locate her movements with such seeming certainty gave way to custom and gradually she came to expect him whenever she rode towards the valley, or into any of the gulches to the north or west of his cabin.

She knew that she was doing wrong, that she was acting disobediently, that she was courting scandal and perhaps inviting trouble for both of them, but during the latter part of March and during the month of April she found in their meetings a source of excitement to the senses made all the more attractive because of its daring and prohibition.

THE new Henry Hamilton, she discovered, was entirely different from the old one. He was strong, intelligent, perplexing. Unable to account for the change, and being influenced by curiosity spiced with vague surmises, she felt the keen desire of a curious woman to probe into the mystery. But there were obstacles. Her father disliked him, and there was a prevalent opinion in the camp that she ought not under any circumstances to speak to him. Petulantly, she resented the interference of the public. Following a time honored precedent, she wanted to do the very thing she was told not to do. She wanted to know something of the new man who was creating gossip and speculation. She wanted to know something of the man who had come with his guitar, like a troubador of old, to serenade the child of his dreams—the man whose romantic folly had led to death, whose flight had aroused opprobrium, whose return was tinged with mystery and wonderment. She wanted to satisfy an eternal feminine instinct.

She had failed to find anything in his treatment of her to arouse either fear or suspicion. He was deferential, and his manner was tinged with so much respectful homage, she found it impossible to altogether retain the influence of the camp—the belief that he was entirely irreclaimable. Yielding to curiosity, she failed to reprove him for his insistence.

In fact their association, progressing as it did with slow rapidity—to use such a paradox—created a community of interests very real in despite of its intangibility, and unsuspectful that he was taking advantage of her spirit of fairness, she permitted him to remove old impressions and create new ones.

Dr. Hallam was delighted. Enmeshed in the mystery of intricate influence, he used many sophistries to secure her good will. But with each satisfying advantage gained, his fear that she would some day discover his duplicity and scorn him, increased. For, inconsistent as a sense of honor may seem in a man hourly practicing dishonesty and fraud, he nevertheless sought to keep her apart from taint, as tho one-half of himself could be soiled and the other half kept spotless and white. The undertaking was difficult; yet the attempt, and the feelings which promoted it, stilled his tongue when words of love or passion tremoled warm upon his lips, and Nancy was left undisturbed in the purity of her fancies until the latter part of April—until his surreptitious absence created alarm and put into speech many of the dark suspicions which were held against him.

At that time some one discovered that smoke had not been seen to come from the chimney of his cabin for more than two days, and sinister rumors sped thru the town. It was said that having received a large sum of money for his mining interests, he had taken it and run away. Others declared that he was ill and was most likely lying in his cabin alone. A committee was formed to investigate. Lawyer Lyons, Pap Maynard and Ben Gilmore were selected. With a thrill of expectation—a sensation of impending discovery—they filed gravely up the trail leading to his cabin.

## CHAPTER XI.

### NANCE FORGETS THE FEUD.

THE night was very dark when Dr. Hallam slipped away. He had some difficulty in pursuading Fox to stay behind, but eventually the dog seemed to gather what was wanted of him, and darting into the cabin he stood in the braced opening of the door. Dr. Hallam flung him a word of praise, mounted his horse and rode away over the hogback into the enveloping blackness of the hills.

About his body he had sewed an improvised belt, or corsage, padded with currency of large denominations—$70,000 all told—which he was going to send from Cheyenne to eastern banks. He selected Cheyenne because he was unknown there. It was his intention to ride to Green River, stable his horse, take the train to Cheyenne, express the money east under a fictitious name and return if possible without his absence being known.

He had been gone three days, and it was on the day of his return—in fact, as he was riding up the hogback—the committee of investigation arrived at his door.

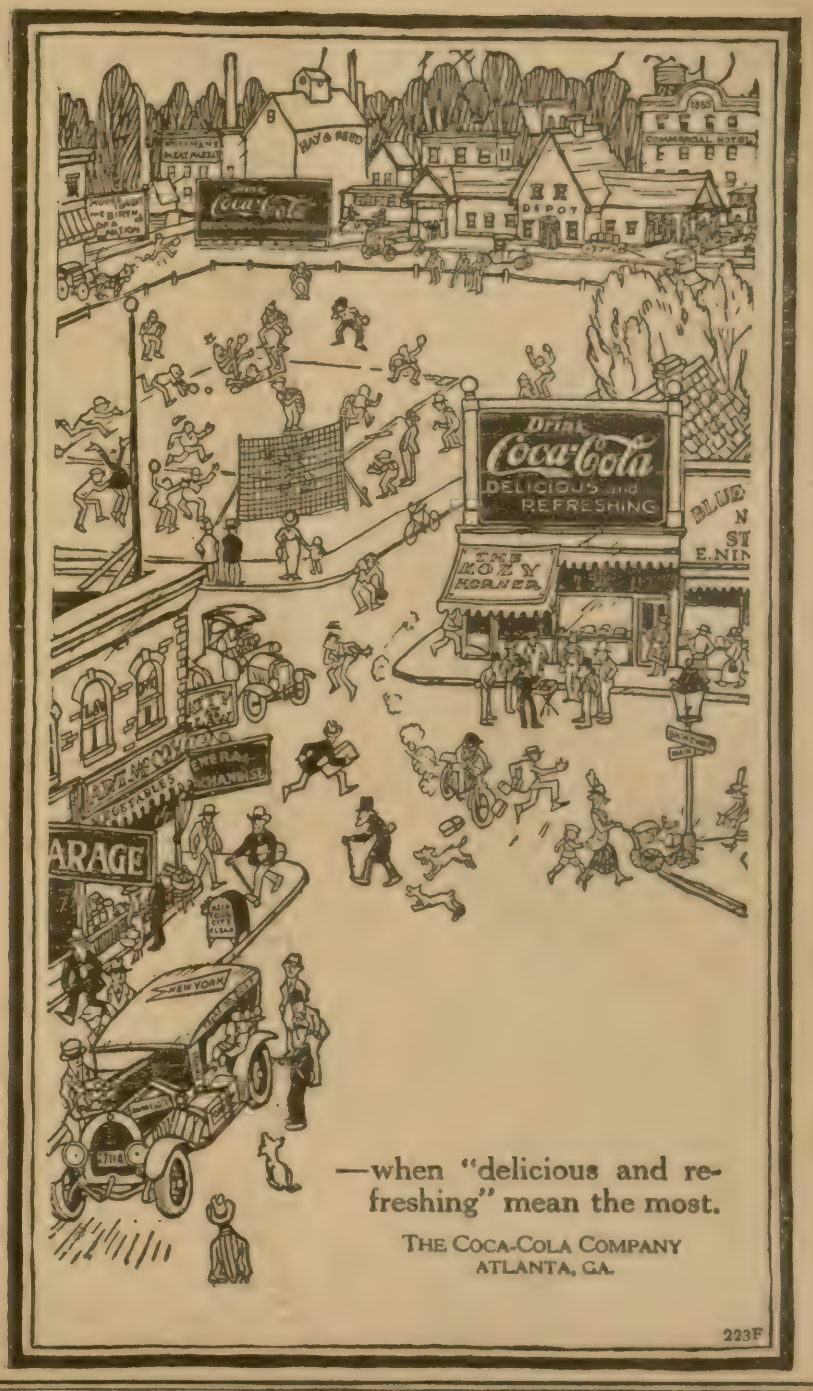
They did not get in. Fox barred the way. He stood in the doorway with bristling hair and bared teeth, menacing and dangerous. Mr. Lyons attempted to cajole him to persuade him to come out, but the voice of his old master fell upon irresponsive ears. He had been left to guard the house, and by every gleam of his angry eye he made it clear that he meant to do it. With a long stick Gilmore gave the door a push and sent it wide open. For his temerity Fox nipped him in the leg and fled back to his post in the doorway, even more dangerous looking for the full exposure of his taut, muscular body. Gilmore wanted to shoot him, but Mr. Lyone interfered—and while they stood outside calling upon Hamilton to come out, Hallam rode up to them, surprise not unmixed with suspicion upon his features.

Mr. Lyons explained the reasons for their presence, and Dr. Hallam swung from the saddle with a feeling of relief, not however, of satisfaction, for intuitively he knew that Maynard and Gilmore were there out of curiosity to pry upon his home. He remembered that Nancy's picture stood framed upon a little table near the side of the room in clear view of the door. He had placed it there so that it would be the first object to meet his eyes as he came in and the last when he went out.

"I will be with you in a moment," he said, and striding into the house he put it away and went back and invited them in.

Gilmore had seen and recognized it. He gave no indication of it then, and Dr. Hallam believed he had thrust it out of sight in time to keep the knowledge of it from Maynard. He was not surprised that Maynard refused to enter the house; and in answer to Mr. Lyons' solicitude he said that he had not been away—that there was a mistake about smoke not coming from his chimney. The occasion, he said, with a slight inflection of irony, impressed him with the friendly concern of his neighbors and he was glad they had come to investigate.

When making the last statement he glanced covertly at Gilmore, but it was Pap Maynard who seemed to feel the sting of it. He turned surlily to one side, and when Dr. Hallam invited them a second time to enter the house, he deliberately looked away in another direction. Mr. Lyons sensibly felt the invisible clash of warring elements. To his way of looking at things Dr. Hallam had not shown a spirit proper to the occasion. He accepted his thanks for their solicitude and departed with the other two, as firmly convinced as they were that Dr. Hallam had told a false-

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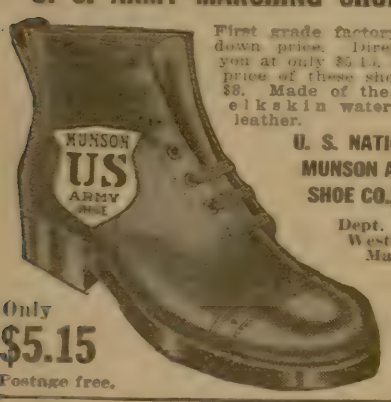


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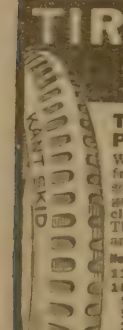


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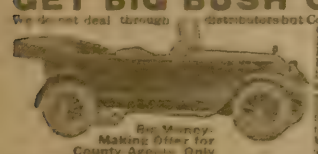

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hood. Thus far Mr. Lyons had held aloof from the unfavorable influence which was gaining currency in the camp, but at last he was forced to admit that Dr. Hallam was acting in a mysterious and unsatisfactory way.

Dr. Hallam was not sorry to see them leave. When they were out of sight he effected a change of clothing and then swept the surrounding country with his telescope. He centered it particularly upon the lattice-clad porch of the Maynard home and saw some one whom he thought to be Nancy sitting there, her chin in the palm of her hands and her eyes fixed upon the brow of the hill.

A CURRENT of elation flushed his face. Pulling out his handkerchief he waved it in excess of joy. She sprang to her feet as tho she had seen the slender fabric. To test whether she had, he called to Satan and when the beautiful black stood by his side with head erect, imperiously surveying the engulfed expanse below them, Hallam put his arm about the horse's neck and waved the handkerchief again. He waved it toward the gulches to the west and then quickly lifting the telescope to his eyes he looked thru it again at the watching girl. Then he began to laugh.

What had seemed inexplicable became clear. She was trying to see by the aid of an opera glass—and judging by her manner she was succeeding very well. At the door of the house she paused, waved her hand, and went quickly inside. A few moments later he saw her emerge from the side gate upon the back of the roan. Without further delay he threw a saddle upon Satan and with Fox trailing behind them, he went blithely along the hogback, circled the hill at its base and waited in the neck of the gulch by the edge of the valley.

Soon he saw her round a projecting turn in the rocks and ride rapidly towards him. He was afoot when she reached him and she held out her hand with unaffected pleasure.

"Where have you been," she asked. "We all thought——"

"Get down," he interrupted, "and I will explain."

He held her hand longer than usual and something in his eyes gave her a sense of delicious fear.

"I think I can manage the horses better than leading them," he said. "They are on friendly terms, as they ought to be, and Fox here is a pretty good general. How do you like this?"

He took the bridle of each horse, the end of which terminated in a single strap, and placed them both in the dog's mouth, one from the right, one from the left. Then he stood aside to see how they would accept the arrangement. Fox wagged his tail and cast about an intelligent eye. Nancy laughed merrily. Stooping down, she patted Fox on the head with little love pats which seemed to give him much delight. The horses rubbed noses and then lifted their slender ears in the way a horse has when he asks a question.

"You are to follow in proper order and never tell anything that you see," said Dr. Hallam speaking to both of them.

Nancy turned her eyes away—he was looking at her so meaningly. Then as he came up and took her by the hand she laughed shyly and gave his fingers a slight pressure of contentment.

The beautiful tinge of color in her cheeks and the soft light in her eyes were not without effect upon Dr. Hallam, who had not recovered from the emotional rush occasioned by the sight of her from the table top of the hill. Yielding to a sudden feeling of tenderness he put his arm about her and drew her closer. No word was spoken, and Nancy, with a half startled look of fear, hope, and trembling love, watched him, fascinated; as his face drew nearer she closed her eyes and suffered him to place one of her arms about his neck while he kissed her—once—very tenderly. A second he held her thus. Being embarrassed by the proud light upon his face she laughed low with happiness, and after rubbing her cheek against his with a little, passionate pressure she drew away from him.

DR. HALLAM was very happy. For a moment he forgot that he was a criminal; that he stood daily in the shadow of prison walls; that he was an impostor, a thief, a fraud, a living lie. He forgot that out of the pale of her [illegible] ominous shadows threatened to envelop him. He forgot there was any other world except the world of love and happiness. He forgot, until his eyes rested upon the obedient dog sitting upon his haunches, the bridles between his teeth, and behind him the black and the roan watching them, ears alert, with wondering eyes. Then, as the full truth rushed upon him, he looked at Nancy again. Seeing in her [illegible] the [illegible] of a maiden's [illegible] —he determined, like the buccaneer that he was, to take Henry Hamilton's sweetheart as well as his estate.

"So you missed me?" he asked, as they started up the ravine with the dog in leash to the horses following behind them.

"For two days there was no smoke from your chimney and we thought you were sick," she said.

"So you are the one who has been watching my chimney!"

"I always watch. You do, too—with a telescope."

He looked quickly at her averted face.

"Who told you?"

She laughed with low merriment.

"I had the hardest time at first to tell what it was you had in your hands. I can't see very, very well at that distance with an opera glass. I could make out your figure and the way you moved your arms, and the movements of the dog and the horse, but I couldn't for a long time tell what you were holding. The other day Mr. Chambers said he had sold you the only good telescope he had; then I knew. So you see, Mr. Henry Hamilton, I am not the only one who uses a spyglass."

"All of which goes to prove that you are not the only one in love. What will Pap Maynard say?"

Nancy stopped. "Oh, dear! Are you going to tell him?"

"Not just yet—not until we are married. Don't gape—for of course we are going to be married."

She gave a gasp of astonishment.

"If any one had told me a few years ago that you would be capable of actual daring I would not have believed them. I think that is why I like you. I don't like namby-pamby men, afraid of their shadows."

"And I don't like girls afraid to marry the men they love. You are."

"I am not."

"Then let us go and be married."

"To the church here in Rock Springs?"

"No. Let us run away."

"I won't!"

"And here we cannot. Don't you know what would happen if we tried it?"

Her face grew serious. "Pap would kill you," she said. "But I won't run away."

"Nance?"

"Yes."

"Do you love me?"

"Would I kiss you if I didn't?"

"And you will not change no matter what happens?"

"Of course not."

"They might try to make you give me up."

She put her arms about his neck and looked directly, passionately into his eyes.

"Nothing on earth can make me give you up. I will love you now and for all time with loyalty and courage."

Her tensity and earnestness chilled rather than increased his ardor and brought him to a realization of the difficulties between them. Looking into her clear, untroubled eyes he asked himself seriously if he could marry her with a lie upon his lips? If he could live with her a life of deception and fraud? If purity, which he prized the highest, would not be debased and love itself cheapened in the end by deceiving her? He was making a desperate effort to be black upon one side and white upon the other.

With a feeling of solemnity he kissed her good-by with a sense of greater irresolution than he had felt at any time since choosing the sinuous path. Two things stood clear before his mind—that it was dangerous to linger about Rock Springs and that he could not have Nancy unless he did.

**The sinuous path was slowly winding to the place where two roads would lie open to the impostor—will he leave the woman he loves for safety's sake or stay where danger lies, near Nancy? Order your next Ledger today.**

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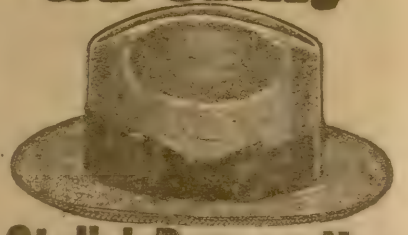

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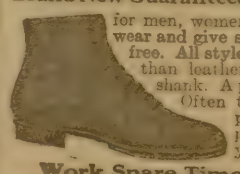

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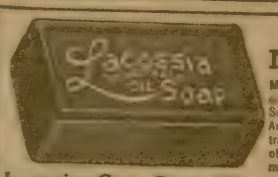


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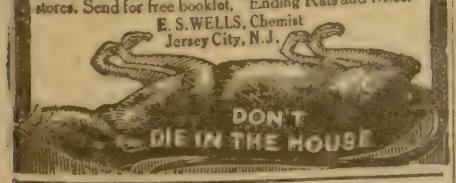

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# Crooked Trails and Straight

(Continued From Page 6)

away look of one who communes with herself.

"If I could only see him and have a talk with him."

"What good would that do?" he pretended to scoff.

BUT he watched her closely, nevertheless.

"I think I could get him to do as I ask. He nearly always does." Her gaze went swiftly back to him. "Let me talk with him. There's a reason why he ought to be free now, one that would appeal to him."

This is what he had come for, but now that she had met him half way he hesitated. If she should not succeed he would be worse off than before. He could neither hold her a prisoner nor free her to lead the pack of the law to his hiding place. On the other hand, if Cullison thought they intended to keep her prisoner he would have to compromise. He dared not leave her in the hands of Lute Blackwell. Fendrick decided to take a chance. At the worst he could turn them both free and leave for Sonora.

"All right. I'll take you to him. But you'll have to do as I say."

"Yes," she agreed.

"I'm taking you to back my play. I tell you straight that Blackwell would like nothing better than to put a bullet thru your father. He's got to do as I say. But if I'm not there and it comes to a showdown—if Bucky O'Connor, for instance, happens to stumble in—then it's all off with Luck Cullison. Blackwell won't hesitate a second. He'll kill your father and make a bolt for it. That's one reason why I'm taking you. I want to pile up witnesses against the fellow so as to make him go slow. But that's not my main object. You've got to persuade Luck to come thru with an agreement to let go of that Del Oro homestead and to promise not to prosecute us. He won't do it to save his own life. He's got to think you come there as my prisoner. See? He's got to wrestle with the notion that you're in the power of the d——dest villain that ever went unhung. I mean Blackwell. Let him chew on that proposition a while and see what he makes of it."

She nodded, white to the lips. "Let us go at once, please. I don't want to leave father alone with that man." She called across to the corral. "Manuel, saddle the pinto for me. Hurry!"

They rode together thru the windswept sunlit land. From time to time his lazy glance embraced her, a supple, graceful creature, at perfect ease in the saddle. What was it about her that drew the eye so irresistibly? Prettier girls he had often seen. Her features were irregular, mouth and nose too large, face a little thin. Her contour lacked the softness, the allure that in some women was an unconscious invitation to cuddle. Tough as whipcord she might be, but in her there flowed a life vital and strong; dwelt a spirit brave and unconquerable. She seemed to him as little subtle as any woman he had ever met. This directness came no doubt from living so far from feminine influences. But he had a feeling that if a man once wakened her to love, the instinct of sex would spring full-grown into being.

They talked of the interests common to the country, of how the spring rains had helped the range, of Shorty McCabe's broken leg, of the new school district that was being formed. Before she knew it Kate was listening to his defense of himself in the campaign between him and her father. He found her a partisan beyond chance of conversion. Yet she heard patiently his justification.

"I didn't make the conditions that are here. I have to accept them. The Government establishes forest reserves on the range. No use ramming my head against a stone wall. Uncle Sam is bigger than we are. Your father and his friends got stubborn. I didn't."

"No, you were very wise," she admitted dryly.

"You mean because I adapted myself to the conditions and made the best of them. Why shouldn't I?" he flushed.

"Father's cattle had run over that range thirty years almost. What right had you to take it from him?"

"Conditions change. He wouldn't see it. I did. As for the right of it—well, Luck ain't king of the valley just because he thinks he is."

She began to grow angry. A dull flush burned thru the tan of her cheeks.

"So you bought sheep and brought them in to ruin the range, knowing that they would cut the feeding ground to pieces, kill the roots of vegetation with their sharp hoofs, and finally fill the country with gullies to carry off the water that ought to sink into the ground."

"Sheep ain't so bad if they are run right."

"It depends where they run. This is no place for them."

"That's what you hear your father say. He's prejudiced."

"And you're not, I suppose."

"I'm more reasonable than he is."

"Yes, you are," she flung back at him irritably.

Open country lay before them. They had come out from a stretch of heavy underbrush. Catclaw had been snatching at their legs. Cholla had made the traveling bad for the horses. Now she put her pony to a canter that for the time ended conversation.

## CHAPTER XXI.
## A COMPROMISE.

LUCK lay stretched full length on a bunk, his face to the roof, a wreath of smoke from his cigar traveling slowly toward the ceiling into a filmy blue cloud which hung above him. He looked the personification of vigorous full-blooded manhood at ease. Experience had taught him to take the exigencies of his turbulent life as they came, nonchalantly, to the eye of an observer indifferently, getting all the comfort the situation had to offer.

By the table, facing him squarely, sat Jose Dominguez, a neatly built Mexican with snapping black eyes, a manner of pleasant suavity, and an ever-ready smile that displayed a double row of shining white teeth. That smile did not for an instant deceive Luck. He knew that Jose had no grudge against him, that he was a very respectable citizen, and that he would regretfully shoot him full of holes if occasion called for so drastic a termination to their acquaintanceship. For Dominguez had a third interest in the C. F. ranch, and he was the last man in the world to sacrifice his business for sentiment. Having put the savings of a lifetime into the sheep business, he did not propose to let anybody deprive him of his profits either legally or illegally.

Luck was talking easily, in the most casual and amiable of voices.

"No, Dominguez, the way I look at it you and Cass got in bad this time. Here's the point. In this little vendetta of ours both sides were trying to keep inside the law and win out. When you elected Bolt sheriff that was one to you. When you took out that grazing permit and cut me off the reserve that was another time you scored heavy. A third time was when you brought 'steen thousand of Mary's little lambs baaing across the desert. Well, I come back at you by deeding the Circle C to my girl and taking up the Del Oro homestead. You contest and lose. Good enough. It's up to you to try another move."

"Si, Senor, and we move immediate. We persuade you to visit us at our summer mountain home where we can talk at leisure. We suggest a compromise."

Luck grinned. "Your notion of a compromise and mine don't tally, Jose. Your idea is for me to give you the apple and stand by while you eat it. Trouble is that both parties to this quarrel are grabbers."

"True, but Senor Cullison must remember his hands are tied behind him. He will perhaps not find the grabbing good," his opponent suggested politely.

"Come to that, your hands are tied, too, my friend. You can't hold me here forever. Put me out of business and the kid will surely settle your hash by proving up on the claim. What are you going to do about it?"

"Since you ask me, I can only say that it depends on you. Sign the relinquishment, give us your word not to prosecute, and you may leave in three hours."

Cullison shook his head. "That's where you get in wrong. Buck up against the law and you are sure to lose."

"If we lose you lose, too," Dominguez answered significantly.

The tinkle of hoofs from the river bed in the gulch below rose thru the clear air. The Mexican moved swiftly to the door and presently waved a handkerchief.

"What gent are you wig-wagging to now?" Luck asked from the bed. "Thought I knew all you bold bad bandits by this time. Or is it Cass back again?"

"Yes, it's Cass. There's some one with him, too. It is a woman," the Mexican discovered in apparent surprise.

"A woman!" Luck took the cigar from his mouth in vague unease. "What is he doing here with a woman?"

The Mexican smiled behind his open hand. "Your question anticipates mine, Senor. I, too, ask the same."

The sight of his daughter in the doorway went thru the cattleman with a chilling shock. She ran forward and with a pathetic cry of joy threw herself upon him where he stood. His hands were tied behind him. Only by the turn of his head and by brushing his unshaven face against hers could he answer her caresses. There was a look of ineffable tenderness on his face, for he loved her more than anything else on earth.

"MR. FENDRICK brought me," she explained when articulate expression was possible.

"He brought you, did he?" Luck looked


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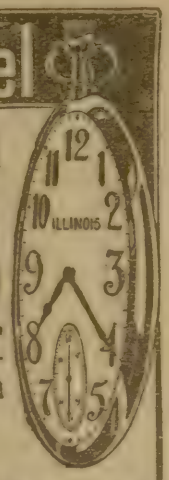


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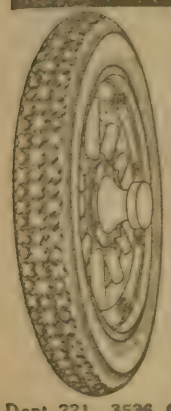

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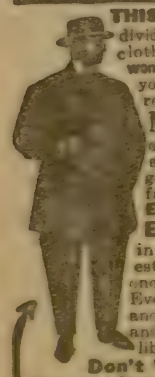

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across her shoulder at his enemy, and his eyes grew hard as jade.

"Of my own free will," she added.

"I promised you a better argument than those I'd given you. Miss Cullison is that argument," Fendrick said.

The cattleman's set face had a look more deadly than words. It told Fendrick he would gladly have killed him where he stood. For Luck knew he was cornered and must yield. Neither Dominguez nor Blackwell would consent to let her leave otherwise.

"He brought me here to have a talk with you, Dad. You must sign any paper he wants you to sign."

"And did he promise to take you back home after our talk?"

"Miss Cullison would not want to leave as long as her father was here," Fendrick answered for her glibly with a smile that said more than the words.

"I'm going to hold you responsible for bringing her here."

Fendrick could not face steadily the eyes of his foe. They bored into him like gimlets.

"And responsible for getting her back home just as soon as I say the word," Luck added, the taut muscles standing out in his clenched jaw.

"I expect your say-so won't be final in this matter, Luck. But I'll take the responsibility. Miss Cullison will get home at the proper time."

"I'm not going home till you do," the girl broke in. "Oh, Dad, we've been so worried! You can't think!"

"You've played a rotten trick on me, Fendrick. I wouldn't have thought it even of a sheepman."

"No use you getting crazy with the heat, Cullison. Your daughter asked me to bring her here, and I brought her. Of course I'm not going to break my neck getting her home where she can phone Bolt or Bucky O'Connor and have us rounded up. That ain't reasonable to expect. But I aim to do what's right. We'll all have supper together like sensible folks. Then Jose and I will give you the cabin for the night if you'll promise not to attempt to escape. In the morning maybe you'll see things different."

Fendrick calculated not without reason that the best thing to do would be to give Kate a chance for a long private talk with her father. Her influence would be more potent than any he could bring to bear.

After supper the door of the cabin was locked and a sentry posted. The prisoners were on parole, but Cass did not on that account relax his vigilance. For long he and his partner could hear a low murmur of voices from within the cabin. At length the lights went out and presently the voices died. But all thru the night one or the other of the sheepmen patroled a beat that circled around and around the house.

Fendrick did not broach the subject at issue next morning till after breakfast.

"Well, what have you decided?" he asked at last.

"Let's hear about that compromise. What is it you offer?" Luck demanded gruffly.

"You sign the relinquishment and agree not to make us any trouble because we brought you here, and you may go by 2 o'clock."

"You want to reach Saguache with the relinquishment in time to file it before I could get to a 'phone. You don't trust me."

Fendrick smiled. "When we let you go we're trusting you a heap more than we would most men. But of course you're going to be sore about this and we don't want to put temptation in your way."

"I see. Well, I accept your terms. I'll make you no legal trouble. But I tell you straight this thing ain't ended. It's only just begun. I'm going to run you out of this country before I'm thru with you."

"Go to it. We'll see whether you make good."

"Where is that paper you want me to sign?"

LUCK dashed off his signature and pushed the document from him. He hated the necessity that forced him to surrender. For himself he would have died rather than give way, but he had to think of his daughter and of his boy Sam who was engaged in a plot to hold up a train.

His stony eyes met those of the man across the table. "No need for me to tell you what I think of this. A white man wouldn't have done such a trick. It takes sheepherders and greasers to put across a thing so damnable as dragging a woman into a feud."

Fendrick flushed angrily. "It's not my fault: you're a pigheaded obstinate chump. I used the only weapon left me."

Kate, standing straight and tall behind her father's chair, looked at their common foe with uncompromising scorn. "He is not to blame, dad. He can't help it because he doesn't see how depicable a thing he has done."

Again the blood rushed to the face of the sheepman. "I reckon that will hold me hitched for the present, Miss Cullison. In the meantime I'll go file that homestead entry of mine. Nothing like living up to the opinion your friends have of you."

He wheeled away abruptly, but as he went out of the door one word came to him.

"Friends!" Kate had repeated, and her voice told fully the contempt she felt.

At exactly 2 o'clock Dominguez set the Cullisons on the homeward road. He fairly dripped apologies for the trouble to which he and his friends had been compelled to put them.

Blackwell, who had arrived to take his turn as guard, stood in the doorway and sulkily watched them go.

From the river bed below the departing guests looked up at the cabin hidden in the pines. The daughter was thanking God in her heart that the affair was ended. Her father was vowing to himself that it had just begun.

## CHAPTER XXII.
## AN ARREST.

AFTER half a week in the saddle Lieut. Bucky O'Connor of the Arizona Rangers and Curly Flandrau reached Saguache tired and travel-stained. They had combed the Rincons without having met hide or hair of the men they wanted. Early next morning they would leave town again and this time would make for Soapy Stone's horse ranch.

Bucky O'Connor was not disheartened. Tho he was the best man hunter in Arizona, it was all in the day's work that criminals should sometimes elude him. But with Curly the issue was a personal one. He owed Luke Cullison a good deal and his imagination had played over the picture of that moment when he could go to Kate and tell her he had freed her father.

After reaching town the first thing each of them did was to take a bath, the second to get shaved. From the barber shop they went to the best restaurant in Saguache. Curly was still busy with his pie a la mode when Burridge Thomas, United States Land Commissioner for that district, took the seat opposite and told to O'Connor a most inferesting piece of news.

They heard him to an end without interruption. Then Curly spoke one word. "Fendrick."

"Yes, sir, Cass Fendrick. Came in about 1 o'clock and handed me the relinquishment just as I've been telling you."

"Then filed on the claim himself, you said."

"Yes, took it up himself."

"Sure the signature to the relinquishment was genuine?"

"I'd take oath to it. As soon as he had gone I got out the original filing and compared the two. Couldn't be any possible mistake. Nobody could have forged the signature. It is like Luck himself, strong and forceful and decided."

"We're not entirely surprised, Mr. Thomas," Lieutenant O'Connor told the commissioner. "In point of fact we've rather been looking for something of the kind."

"Then you know where Luck is?" Thomas, a sociable, garrulous soul, leaned forth eagerly.

"No, we don't But we've a notion Fendrick knows." Bucky gave the Government-appointee his most blandishing smile. "Of course, we know you won't talk about this, Mr. Thomas. Can we depend on your deputies?"

"I'll speak to them."

"We're much obliged to you. This clears up a point that was in doubt to us. By the way, what was the date when the relinquishment was signed?"

"Today."

"And who was the notary that witnessed it?"

"Dominguez. He's a partner of Fendrick in the sheep business."

"Quite a family affair, isn't it? Well, I'll let you know how things come out, Mr. Thomas. You'll be interested, to know. Have a cigar."

Bucky rose. "See you later, Curly. Sorry I have to hurry, Mr. Thomas, but I've thought of something I'll have to do right away."

Bucky followed El Molino street to the old plaza and cut across it to the Hotel Wayland. After a sharp scrutiny of the lobby and a nod of recognition to an acquaintance he sauntered to the desk and looked over the register. There, among the arrivals of the day, was the entry he had hoped to see:

Cass Fendrick, C. F. Ranch, Arizona.

The room that had been assigned to him was 212.

"Anything you want in particular, Lieutenant?" the clerk asked.

"No-o. Just looking to see who came in today."

He turned away and went up the stairs, ignoring the elevator. On the second floor he found 212. In answer to his knock a voice said "Come in." Opening the door, he stepped in, closed it behind him, and looked at the man lying in his shirt sleeves on the bed.

"Evening, Cass."

Fendrick put down his newspaper, but did not rise. "Evening, Bucky."

Their eyes held to each other with the level, even gaze of men who recognize a worthy antagonist.

"I've come to ask a question or two."

"Kick them out."

"First, I would like to know what you paid Luck Cullison for his Del Oro claim."

"Thinking of buying me out?" was the


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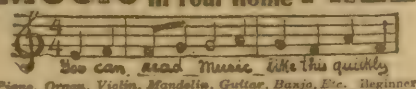


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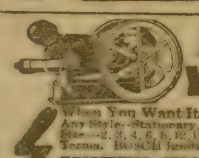

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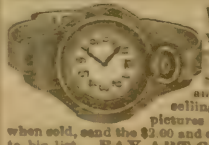

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Ironical retort of the man on the bed.

"Not quite. I've got another reason for wanting to know."

"Then you better ask Cullison. The law says that if a man sells a relinquishment he can't file on another claim. If he surrenders it for nothing he can. Now Luck may have notions of filing on another claim. You can see that we'll have to take it for granted he gave me the claim."

It was so neat an answer and at the same time so complete a one that O'Connor could not help appreciating it. He smiled and tried again.

"We'll put that question in the discard. That paper was signed by Luck today. Where was he when you got it from him?"

"Sure it was signed today? Couldn't it have been ante-dated?"

"You know better than I do. When was it signed?"

Fendrick laughed. He was watching the noted officers of rangers with narrowed, wary eyes. "On advice of counsel I decline to answer."

"Sorry, Cass. That leaves me only one thing to do. You're under arrest."

"For what?" demanded the sheepman sharply.

"For abducting Luck Cullison and holding him prisoner without his consent."

Lazily Cass drawled a question. "Are you right sure Cullison can't be found?"

"What do you mean?"

"Are you right sure he ain't at home attending to his business?"

"Has he come back?"

"Maybe so. I'm not Luck Cullison's keeper."

Bucky thought he understood. In return for the relinquishment Cullison had been released. Knowing Luck as he did, it was hard for him to see how pressure enough had been brought to bear to move him.

"May I use your 'phone?" he asked.

"Help yourself."

Fendrick pretended to have lost interest. He returned to his newspaper, but his ears were alert to catch what went on over the wires. It was always possible that Cullison might play him false and break the agreement. Cass did not expect this, for the owner of the Circle C was a man whose word was better than most men's bond. But the agreement had been forced upon him thru a trick. How far he might feel this justified him in ignoring it the sheepman did not know.

O'Connor got the Circle C on long distance. It was the clear contralto of a woman that answered his "Hello!"

"Is this Miss Cullison?" he asked. Almost at once he added: "O'Connor of the rangers is speaking. I've heard your father is home again. Is that true?"

An interval followed during which the ranger officer was put into the role of listener. His occasional "Yes—Yes—Yes" punctuated the rapid murmur that reached Fendrick.

Presently Bucky asked a question. "On his way to town now?"

Again the rapid murmur.

"I'll attend to that, Miss Cullison. I am in Fendrick's room now. Make your mind easy."

Bucky hung up and turned to the sheepman. The latter showed him a face of derision. He had gathered one thing that disquieted him, but he did not intend to let O'Connor know it.

"Well?" he jeered. "Find friend Cullison in tolerable health?"

"I've been talking with his daughter."

"I judged as much. Miss Spitfire well?"

"Miss Cullison didn't mention her health. We were concerned about yours."

"Yes?"

"Cullison is headed for town and his daughter is afraid he is on the warpath against you."

"You don't say."

"She wanted me to get you out of her father's way until he has cooled down."

"Very kind of her."

"She's right, too. You and Luck mustn't meet yet. Get out of here and hunt cover in the hills for a few days. You know why better than I do."

"How can I when I'm under arrest?" Fendrick mocked.

"You're not under arrest. Miss Cullison says her father has no charge to bring against you."

"Good of him."

"So you can light a shuck soon as you want to."

"Which won't be in any hurry."

"Don't make any mistake. Luck Cullison is a dangerous man when he is roused."

The sheepman looked at the ranger with opaque, stony eyes. "If Luck Cullison is looking for me he is liable to find me, and he won't have to go into the hills to hunt me, either."

BUCKY understood perfectly. According to the code of the frontier no man could let himself be driven from town by the knowledge that another man was looking for him with a gun. There are in the Southwest now many thousands who do not live by the old standard, who are anchored to law and civilization as a protection against primitive passions. But Fendrick was not one of these. He had deliberately gone outside of the law in his feud with the cattleman. Now he would not repudiate the course he had chosen and hedge because of the danger it involved. He was an aspirant to leadership among the tough hard-bitted denizens of the sun-baked desert. That being so, he had to see his feud out to a fighting finish if need be.

"There are points about this case you have overlooked," Bucky told him.

"Maybe so. But the important one that sticks out like a sore thumb is that no man living can serve notice on me to get out of town because he is coming on the shoot."

"Luck didn't serve any such notice. All his daughter knows is that he is hot under the collar. Look at things reasonably, Cass. You've caused that young lady a heap of trouble already. Are you going to unload a lot more on her just because you want to be pigheaded. Only a kid struts around and hollers, 'Who's afraid?' No, it's up to you to pull out, not because of Luck Cullison, but on account of his daughter."

"Who is such a thoro friend of mine," the sheepman added with his sardonic grin.

"What do you care about that? She's a girl. I don't know the facts, but I can guess them. She and Luck will stand pat on what they promised you. Don't you owe her something for that? Seems to me a white man wouldn't make her any more worry."

"It's because I am a white man that I can't dodge a fight when it's stacked up for me, Bucky."

He said it with a dogged finality that was unshaken, but O'Connor made one more effort.

"Nobody will know why you left."

"I would know, wouldn't I? I've got to go right on living with myself. I tell you straight I'm going to see it out."

Bucky's jaw clamped. "Not if I know it. You're under arrest."

Fendrick sat up in surprise. "What for?" he demanded angrily.

"For robbing the W. & S. Express Company."

"H—l, Bucky! You don't believe that."

"Never mind what I believe. There's some evidence against you—enough to justify me."

"You want to get me out of Cullison's way. That's all."

"If you like to put it so."

"I won't stand for it. That ain't square."

"You'll stand for it, my friend. I gave you a chance to clear out and you wouldn't take it."

"I wouldn't because I couldn't. Don't make any mistake about this. I'm not looking for Luck. I'm attending to my business. Arrest him if you want to stop trouble."

There came a knock on the door. It opened to admit Luck Cullison. He shut it and put his back to it, while his eyes, hard as hammered iron, swept past the officer to fix on Fendrick.

The latter rose quickly from the bed, but O'Connor flung him back.

"Don't forget you're my prisoner."

"He's your prisoner, is he?" This was a turn of affairs for which Luck was manifestly unprepared: "Well, I've come to have a little settlement with him."

Fendrick, tense as a coiled spring, watched him warily. "Can't be any too soon to suit me."

Clear cut as a pair of scissors thru paper Buck snapped out his warning.


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The invisible antiseptic ear drum invented by Mr. A. O. Leonard, which is in reality a miniature megaphone, fitting inside the ear and entirely out of sight, is restoring the hearing of literally hundreds of people in New York city. Mr. Leonard invented this remarkable drum to relieve himself of deafness and head noises, and it does this so successfully that no one could tell that he is a deaf man. This ear drum is effective when deafness is caused by catarrh or by perforated, partially or wholly destroyed natural drums. A request for information addressed to A. O. Leonard, Suite 116, 70 5th Ave., New York city, will be given a prompt reply.—Advt.

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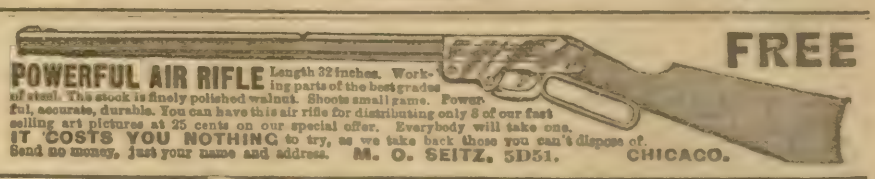
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Judging from the countless preparations and treatments which are continually being advertised for the purpose of making thin people fleshy, developing arms, neck and bust, and replacing ugly hollows and angles by the soft curved lines of health and beauty, there are evidently thousands of men and women who keenly feel their excessive thinness.

GEORGIA HAMILTON.

Thinness and weakness are often due to starved nerves. Our bodies need more phosphate than is contained in modern foods. Physicians claim there is nothing that will supply this deficiency so well as the organic phosphate known among druggists as bitro-phosphate, which is inexpensive and is sold by most all druggists under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. By feeding the nerves directly and by supplying the body cells with the necessary phosphoric food elements, bitro-phosphate should produce a welcome transformation in the appearance; the increase in weight frequently being astonishing.

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Booklet of interesting facts about nerve-ease, increased weight, new strength, tranquillity of mind, and other health desires will be sent free, postpaid, by ARROW CHEMICAL COMPANY, 3175 Union Square, New York.

CAUTION:—While Bitro-Phosphate is unsurpassed for the relief of nervousness, general debility, etc., those taking it who do not desire to put on flesh should use extra care in avoiding fat-producing foods.



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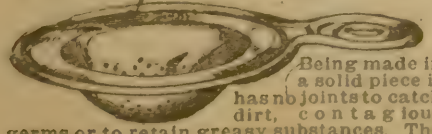

Being made in a solid piece it has no joints to catch dirt, contagious germs or to retain greasy substances. The metal of which it is constructed prohibits rust, and although far lighter, it will outlast the best wire strainer. Price 25 cents.

**W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus, Pa.**


"Nothing stirring, gentlemen. I'll shoot the first man that makes a move."

"Are you in this, Bucky?" asked Cullison evenly.

"You're right I am. He's my prisoner."

"What for?"

"For robbing the W. & S."

Luck's face lit. "Have you evidence enough to cinch him?"

"Not enough yet. But I'll take no chances on his geting away.

The cattleman's countenanc reflected his thoughts as his decision hung in the balance. He longed to pay his debt on the spot. But on the other hand he had been a sheriff himself. As an outsider he had no right to interfere between an officer and his captive. Besides, if there was a chance to send Fendrick over the road that would be better than killing. It would clear up his own reputation, to some extent under a cloud.

"All right, Bucky. If the law wants him I'll step aside for the time."

The sheepman laughed in his ironic fashion. His amusement mocked them both. "Most as 'good as a play of the movies, ain't it? But we'd ought all to have our guns out to make it realistic."

But in his heart he did not jeer. For the situation had been nearer red tragedy than melodrama. The resource and firmness of Bucky O'Connor had alone made it possible to shave disaster by a hair's breadth and no more.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

### A CONVERSATION.

BUCKY O'CONNOR and his prisoner swung down the street side by side and turned in at the headquarters of the rangers. The officer switched on the light, shut the door, and indicated a chair. From his desk he drew a box of cigars. He struck a match and held it for the sheepman before using it himself.

Relaxed in his chair, Fendrick spoke with rather elaborate indolence.

"What's your evidence, Bucky? You can't hold me without any. What have you got that ties me to the W. &. S. robbery?"

"Why, that hat play, Cass. You let on you had shot Cullison's hat off his head while he was making his getaway. Come to find out you had his hat in your possession all the time."

"Does that prove I did it myself?"

"Looks funny you happened to be right there while the robbery was taking place and that you had Luck's hat with you."

The sleepy tiger look lay warily in the sheepman's eyes. "That's what the dictionaries call a coincidence, Bucky."

"They may. I'm not sure I do."

"Fact, just the same."

"I've a notion it will take some explaining."

"Confidentially?"

"Confidentially what?"

"The explanation. You won't use it against me."

"Not if you weren't in the hold-up."

"I wasn't. This is the way it happened. You know Cullison was going to prove up on that Del Oro claim on Thursday. That would have put the C. F. ranch out of business. I knew he was in town and at the Del Mar, but I didn't know where he would be next day. He had me beat. I couldn't seen any way out but to eat crow and offer a compromise. I hated it like h——l, but it was up to me to hunt Luck up and see what he would do. His hat gave me an excuse to call. So I started out and came round the corner of San Mateo street just in time to see the robber pull out. Honest, the fellow did shape up a little like Luck. Right then I got the darned fool notion of mixing him up in it. I threw his hat down and shot a hole in it, then unlocked the door of the express office, carrying the hat in my hand. That's all there was to it."

"Pretty low-down trick, wasn't it, to play on an innocent man?"

"He was figuring to do me up. I don't say it was exactly on the square, but I was sore at him clear thru. I wanted to get him into trouble. I had to do something to keep his mind busy till I could turn round and think of a way out."

Bucky reflected, looking at the long ash on his cigar. "The man that made the raid of the W. & S. shaped up like Luck, you say?"

"In a general way."

THE ranger brushed the ash from the end of the cigar into the tray. Then he looked quietly at Fendrick. "Who was the man, Cass?"

"I thought I told you——"

"You did. But you lied. It was a moonlight night. And there's an arc light at that corner. By your own story, the fellow took his mask off as he swung to his horse. You saw his face just as distinctly as I see yours now."

"No, I reckon not," Fendrick grinned.

"Meaning you won't tell?"

"That's not how I put it, Bucky. You're the one that says I recognized him. Come to think of it, I'm not sure the fellow didn't wear his mask till he was out of sight."

"I am."

"You are."

"Yes. The mask was found just outside the office where the man dropped it before he got into the saddle."

"So?"

"That's not all. Curly and I found something else, too—the old shirt from which the cloth was cut."

The sheepman swept him with one of his side-long, tiger-cat glances. "Where did you find it?"

"In a barrel back of the Jack of Hearts."

"Now, if you only knew who put it there," suggested Cass, with ironic hopefulness.

"It happens I do. I have a witness who saw a man shove that old shirt down in the barrel after tearing a piece off."

"Your witness got a name, Bucky?"

"I'll not mention the name now. If it became too well known something might happen to my witness."

Fendrick nodded. "You're wiser there. She wouldn't be safe, not if a certain man happened to hear what you've just told me."

"I didn't say She, Cass."

"No, I said it. Your witness is Mrs. Wylie."

"Maybe, then, you can guess the criminal, too."

"Maybe I could, but I'm not going to try."

"Then we'll drop that subject. I'll ask you a question. Can you tell me where I can find a paroled convict named Blackwell?"

Fendrick shook his head. "Don't know the gentleman. A friend of yours?"

"One of yours. Better come thru, Cass. I'm satisfied you weren't actually in this robbery, but there is such a thing as accessory after the fact. Now, I'm going to get that man. If you want to put yourself right, it's up to you to give me the information I want. Where is he?"

"Haven't got him in my pocket."

The officer rose, not one whit less amiable. "I didn't expect you to tell me. That's all right. I'll find him. But in the meantime I'll have to lock you up till this thing is settled."

From his inside coat pocket, Fendrick drew a sealed envelope, wrote the date across the front, and handed it to O'Connor.

"Keep this, Bucky, and remember that I gave it to you. Put it in a safe place, but don't open the envelope till I give the word. Understand?"

"I hear what you say, but I don't understand what you mean—what's back of it."

"It isn't intended that you should yet. I'm protecting myself. That's all."

"I guessed that much. Well, if you're ready, I'll arrange your lodgings for the night, Cass. I reckon I'll put you up at a hotel with one of the boys."

"Just as you say."

Fendrick rose, and the two men passed into the street.

**"There is such a thing as accessory after the fact," said Bucky O'Connor, and Cass Fendrick knew that the words were dangerously significant. He might turn this way and that, might Fendrick, but Bucky of the Rangers was just a little quicker and just a little wiser. The Ledger for July 17 tells of a situation grown even more exciting.**

* * *

## Points of View.

ANY one who does not marry is a fool. Consider the picture. My wife and I before the fire. She is sitting curled on the sofa like a dear little kitten. The dim light from the fire is reflected in the ripples in her hair. She is smiling and her eyes are half closed and sparkling. How wonderful she is. We say nothing—are too happy for words. Here is Heaven on earth.

* * * * * * *

Any one who marries is a fool. Consider the picture. My wife and I before the fire (coal ten dollars a ton). She is sitting curled on the sofa like a cat (which she is). The dimlight from the fire shows quite clearly that most of her hair is false. She is frowning and her eyes are half closed and threatening. How tiresome she is! We say nothing—there is nothing to say. Here is hell on earth.

* * *

## The Wrong Candidate.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY was not greatly interested in politics, but at one particular time in his life he was anxious to vote.

'If I remember the story as it was told to me, a young man whom Riley had long admired was running for a county office," said an old friend of Riley's. "Riley was rather disappointed to see the young man enter politics, but he made up his mind that his friend needed his vote at the election.

"Election day found Riley an early visitor at the polls, where he spent no little time learning the secrets of how to vote.

"The following day he earnestly told some friends about his experience, and the way he had marked his ballot.

"'Why, Jim,' they laughed, 'if that is the way you did it, you voted for the other man!'"

* * *


## HEALS CHRONIC LEG SORES

Dr. H. J. Whittier, Suite 108, 1109 McGee Street, Kansas City, Mo., practicing in Kansas City since 1885, quickly heals leg sores and Varicose Ulcers without knife or pain. Our readers who are afflicted should write for free illust'd book. Adv.


## Rude Remarks.

"SO YOU'VE got an accident to report, have you?" said the head clerk to the foreman of the works.

"Yes, sir," said the foreman; then he paused a while, gnawing his pen reflectively, before handing over his report.

The letter read as follows:

"Date: March 31. Nature of accident: Toe badly crushed. How caused: Accidental blow from a fellow workman's hammer. Remarks——"

"Right," said the clerk. "But why no 'Remarks?'"

"Well, sir," replied the foreman, slowly, "seein' as 'ow you know what Bill is, and seein' as 'ow you know that it was 'is big toe what was hurt, I—well, I didn't like to put 'em down."


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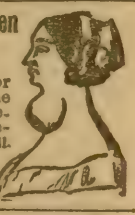
**Goitre** Pay When Well



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My internal method for the treatment and permanent relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of grateful letters testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is chronic or acute, whether it is occasional or permanent, you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

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# When the Alturia Went Down

## By Sam Hellman

WE SAT silently sipping our cocktails after Bainbridge departed from the club. He had left us somewhat stunned.

"Some chap, that," remarked Coates, "that's the kind of life worth living—sensation, danger, triumph. It makes me feel kind of cheap."

I felt kind of cheap myself. Bainbridge, with his tale of a Croix de Guerre earned in the foreign legion, his stories of big game hunting on the Zambesi, his narrow escapes from savage tribes, had made me feel feebly futile.

"I'd have enjoyed those stories a whole lot more if some one else had told them about Bainbridge," remarked Henshaw.

Coates, who had sponsored Bainbridge at the club broke in angrily:

"Don't you think he was telling the truth? I can vouch for his veracity, it that is necessary."

"Oh, I believe him, all right," drawled Henshaw, "but why all the fuss about him? There are thousands of persons in the world who have done things just as courageous if not more so, than Bainbridge. The only difference is that they don't choose to talk about them. Biting dogs never bark."

"Oh, bunk," retorted Coates. "You're just full of envy. Did you ever pull anything courageous enough to interest any one? I suppose you've had some devilish experience collecting rents from your tenements. Tell us some of your brave stunts."

"Perhaps I could if I wanted to," answered Henshaw, with a shrug. "Anybody could. You could."

"Not I," laughed Coates, the tension relieved. "The most daring thing I ever did was to climb down a deep ditch after a golf ball. At that I slipped and nearly broke my neck. You're wrong, Henshaw; it's given to but few of us to perform heroic deeds. Most people live in the rut of eat, sleep and work. Take a look at Hunter over there. Do you think, for example, that he ever did anything heroic in his life?"

I was compelled to smile. Hunter is our English cafe servant, the usual type, a spiritless automaton, with not a thought above "yes, sir," "no, sir," and "thank you, sir."

"Let's find out," suggested Henshaw. "Oh, waiter."

Hunter tiptoed over.

"Sit down," said Henshaw.

Hunter looked startled. Henshaw repeated the invitation and the waiter seated himself uncomfortably on the edge of a large rocker.

"Hunter," began Henshaw, "did you ever do anything heroic?"

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"Did you ever do anything brave? Did you have any thrilling experiences or narrow escapes?"

"Me, sir? You must be chaffing me, sir. I have been in service all my life."

Coates and I yawned.

"How is it you were not in the British army?" persisted Henshaw.

"Oh, I was too old, sir. I tried to get in, but they said my arches were broken."

"Oh, come on," interrupted Coates; "let's have a drink."

"Hold your horses," said Henshaw. "How long have you been in America, Hunter?"

"Three years, sir."

"Any experience coming over?"

"Not what you would call experiences, sir. I sailed on the Alturia——"

"Alturia?" broke in Henshaw. "That boat was torpedoed, wasn't it? Were you on it that trip?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what happened to you?"

"Very little, sir. I jumped overboard. I'm a good swimmer. The children caused me a little trouble——"

"Children!" I exclaimed. "What children?"

"Well, sir, it was this way. There was a woman on the boat with two children. A bit of shell killed her. When the boat started sinking I just took the children and jumped into the water with them. They picked us up in about twenty minutes."

"My Heaven!" interrupted Coates. "Don't you call that an experience—swimming in mid-Atlantic with two children?"

"Well, sir, you see they were very small children. I could hold them both under one arm."

"What happened to the children finally?" I asked.

"I have them," replied Hunter. "They are the brightest, cutest children you ever saw, sir."

"You're taking care of them!" exclaimed Coates. "Do you know who they are?"

"No, sir. They're orphans, and some one has to take care of them. I am getting good wages here, sir."

"Tell me more about your experience after the Alturia sank," asked Coates. "How were you picked up?"

"One of the lifeboats came up. There was a man in the boat, sir, a dirty hound, sir, who tried to push me back into the water. He said the boat was too full already, but the others, sir, wouldn't have it. That's all, sir. I hope you'll excuse me, sir. I must——"

"Hello!" I exclaimed. "Here's your friend Bainbridge, Coates."

"Back again," cheerily greeted the soldier of fortune. "Did I by any chance leave my stick here?"

"Oh, Hunter," I called, "see if you can find Mr. Bainbridge's stick."

"Here it is, sir," said the servitor, handing the cane to me.

"What ho!" cried Bainbridge jovially. "How did you get here, Hunter? Recover from your wetting all right?"

The waiter looked steadily at Bainbridge for a fleeting second and passed from the room without a word.

# The High Cost of Being Thin

THE man from Rogers Park looked up as his friend from Edgewater squeezed into the narrow bus seat beside him. "It's a good thing we don't belong to the stouts," he said, "or we couldn't share this seat."

"Oh, heck!" growled the man from Edgewater, folding his long shanks into the small corner, "are you crazy on that 'stout' stuff too?"

"Well," chuckled the Rogers Park man, "Jane is rather extra size, isn't she? Has she entered the race for a wasp waist?"

"She's got reducing on the brain," signed the man from Edgewater. "First it's H. C. of L. and she joins a class in finance. Then its personal labor and she goes in for community kitchens. Now its inches and ounces with a class on personal hygiene—and this is the worst yet!

"She's back there now hiking it to town. I bet her a pair of lace insert stockings against a pair of silk pajamas that she'd be visiting a chiropodist before the day is over. I implored her to consider the $16 soles of her $30 shoes. Why should she risk the loss of priceless leather when for the paltry sum of a dime she could climb in a daffydilly bus and be transported to the busiest corner in the world? But she thinks only of the ounces she sheds with the miles, and so she walks.

"But that's not the worst of this dad-busted fad," continued the man from Edgewater. "It's the eats that's doing me up. Have you read the menus prescribed by the fat-fighters? It makes you thin just to cast your eyes over them. Jane has gone in for strict adherence to rules and as she can't resist the temptation of forbidden sweets I must be denied the sight of them as well as she. If I complain she assures me that it is a good thing to go light on heavy food in the spring and reminds me of the days of sassafras tea. She doesn't seem to realize that I'd be a living skeleton if it weren't for a $2 cafeteria lunch at noon.

"A canary bird would moult on her diet. Not a grain of sugar graces our table, not a piece of white bread, no cream, no luscious gravies, or anything I like. I came home to dinner last night forgetting about the new menus, and dreaming of a fat, juicy steak smothered in onions and entirely surrounded by French fried potatoes. What do you think she served? Menu number three—boiled cod with a slice of lemon, a sprig of cauliflower and a hunk of lettuce with a liberal helping of vinegar and a cup of black coffee! To keep from caving in I had to go to the drug store at 9 o'clock for a malted milk and six sandwiches."

"Cheer up, old man," said the Rogers Park resident. "Just think what you're saving on sugar, and a pair of overalls will cover up your bones till Jane loses her appetite for reducing."

THE PASSING SHOW.

I'm looking back to see if they
Are looking back to see if I
Am looking back to see if they
Are looking back at me.


**Camping & Canoeing Moccasins**

Nothing better for camping and canoeing, very cool and soft on the feet, enabling you to be surefooted and quick in covering ground. Durable and waterproof. Take a pair on your vacation, great for the beach or playing tennis, golf, etc.

In all sizes for men and women. Men's made of one piece soft black finished elk skin leather (as shown in cut); practically wear proof for months, yet wonderfully flexible and soft; Leather lace goes around top and ties in front, thus holding them firm and snug on the feet.

ONLY $3.85 Postage Free

Women's come in unfinished elk skin light brown; satin lined; fringe of leather around top gives them a neat appearance very good for the house. When ordering, state men or women's style and give size. Mail coupon now.

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Send ..... pairs ..... style, postage free. I'll pay postman on arrival. My money back if I want it. C. L.

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JUST SEND US YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS and we will send either one or both of these fine blouses postage paid direct to your door. You do not pay one cent until the postman arrives and delivers the package to you.

WONDERFUL QUALITY—SENSATIONAL PRICE.

YOU WILL BE AMAZED AT THESE CHARMING BLOUSES. They are the latest word in blouse styles and fabrics. They are priced so ridiculously low that you save about one-half on your purchase. Allow us to send you one or both of your selections.

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HAND EMBROIDERED ALL SILK GEORGETTE, regular price $8.00, delivered free, $3.69 All Silk Georgette

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NO. A 5678—Gorgeous two-thread all-silk georgette blouse, in slipover style; has neat, round neck; front is charmingly hand-embroidered in pure silk and neatly beaded; short kimono sleeves have deep hemstitched cuffs; has elastic waistband. Positively priced at less than half of the cost in most retail stores. COLORS, WHITE, FLESH, BISQUE OR NAVY BLUE. Sizes 36-44. Price, delivered free, $3.69

NO. A 6789—This fine hosiery silk slipover tricolette blouse is delivered free to your door at much less than half of regular selling price. Neatly made with round neck and short kimono sleeves. The bottom is finished with peplum front and back. Without doubt the greatest bargain in years. COLORS, WHITE, OLD ROSE, NAVY BLUE, COPENHAGEN BLUE OR BURNT ORANGE. Sizes 36-46. Price, delivered free, $3.89

SEND RIGHT NOW and do not send any money with your order. DON'T DELAY—now is the time to take advantage of this unusual offer. WE GUARANTEE these blouses to be just as represented. If after you try them on and do not think you are receiving a most unusual bargain, return same and get your money back.

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**SUGAR 4½c A LB.**

You know how hard it is to get sugar, even when you pay the big price demanded by grocers, and what it means to be able to buy it direct from us at only 4½ cents a pound. Yet sugar is only one of a long list of groceries on which we can save you money. Just in order to prove what a big advantage you have in dealing with us, we list below a trial order which saves you $1.20. Regular value of these articles is $3.19—our price only $1.99. And we guarantee that every item is absolutely pure, fresh, standard high grade—just what you have been paying about twice our wholesale price for. You wouldn't think about going back to the costly old way of buying groceries after you have proved the economy of buying from the Big 4 Grocery Bargain Catalog. Send only $1.99 with the Trial Order Coupon below, and begin saving money right away.

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| 1 bar Fels Naptha Soap | .02 |
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| 1 package Big 4 Brand Best Tea | .35 |
| ¼ pound pure Cocoa | .13 |
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| Total (You Save $1.20) | $1.99 |

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Remember that with your first order you get a free copy of our big wholesale catalog which saves you money on all your grocery purchases. Here are just a few catalog specials. Sold in wonderful money-saving combinations.

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Our low prices merely indicate what you can now save on all your groceries, a full line of which is listed in our Wholesale Catalog, The Big Money Saver. This catalog sent to customers only. A free copy will be sent with your first order. Send this coupon NOW—TODAY.

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Gentlemen:—Enclosed find $1.99 for which send me at once your Trial Order No. 14, and a copy of your wholesale Grocery Catalog, free. It is understood that if I am not satisfied, I may return the goods at your expense and you will return my money at once.

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*Coming—In Three Weeks—The Great Mystery Number of the Ledger!*

# Stories for the Ledger Boys and Girls

## "Mariet"

BY MERVYN CHAPMAN

MARIET was a poor little French girl, left an orphan when she was hardly old enough to appreciate a home and loving parents. She had lived on the charity of her two old maid aunts. (They called it charity, but what little she did get she certainly worked for.) When Mariet was 14, a great thing occurred—not great for her, but for the nations. The World War came! Mariet had no one to lose in the war, but she felt the effect much more deeply than most 14-year-old girls would. Her aunts knitted, and knitted, and insisted that she also knit. Mannette, her older aunt, continually reprimanded her, and told her how ashamed she ought to be for not wishing to knit. And Mariet was ashamed; for she really loved her country and wanted to do something for the brave boys who were fighting and dying for France.

Three years passed and Mariet had knitted, and knitted, and was still knitting. She still said that knitting was lovely for those who wished to do it, but she felt she could be of bigger service to her country. She was then almost 18, and a very petite, charming young person with black hair and sparkling black eyes. She had always been graceful, but now she was like a fairy.

The hospital boards would not consider her as an applicant for nursing on account of her extreme youth and inexperience. What could she do? Night after night she lay awake trying to answer this question. At last a thought came to her—but what would her aunts say? Only men had held such positions before—dare she do such a thing? Yes, she answered for herself, and was on her way in five minutes.

She went to persuade her chum Audrie to go with her. Men were needed at the front where women could not serve. But women could drive an ambulance. Audrie wouldn't consider it, but Mariet, petite and frail, went all alone.

After a heated argument at a recruiting station, Mariet was given a position and informed she could drive an ambulance. She received instructions. and after three months, the first woman ambulance driver, Mariet, was driving across the firing line. Before long other women came and Mariet felt that she had been of some real service to her country. Soon the entire force of French ambulance drivers was composed of women, who had replaced men who were needed at the front.

IT WAS the coldest, bleakest day that the boys had experienced during their four years of fighting. Altho it was only November (the 11th to be exact), France had not had such a cold day in years. At 5 o'clock in the morning Mariet was driving an ambulance with wounded soldiers from the first aid hut at the front to the hospital behind the lines. It was on a lonely, dark road, but Mariet was brave. As she looked forward, she saw a Boche's plane coming toward her overhead. Should she stop or drive wildly ahead? She remembered the wounded soldiers. Ten of them! The lives of ten men were at stake! She must save them. As quick as a flash she drove the ambulance into a dense part of a forest which was on the right of the road. The ambulance was practically invisible there; but what good did this do the wounded soldiers? It saved them from being killed by German bombs from planes, but they might die from their wounds. Mariet must get word to the first aid hut. She ran out to the road. She could not see the ambulance from the road, and the trees entirely concealed it from the view of the Boches' planes overhead. She would run back and bring aid.

Half frozen from the severe cold of that bleak morning, and worn out from the constant strain and hardship of months of continual work, at 11 o'clock on November 11, 1918, Mariet reached the first aid hut at the front.

"Le bois, le bois, les pauvres soldats dans le bois! Allez! allez!" (The woods, the woods, the poor soldiers in the woods. Go! go!) Mariet uttered these words and closed her eyes forever from this world, but a smile of contentment covered her face—she had served to the utmost her France, the country she loved so well.

■

## When Shakespeare Went to School.

HOW would you like to get up on a cold winter morning at 6 o'clock and take a ten-minute run thru the crisp air to be in school at the first streak of dawn? That is what little William Shakespeare had to do. In summer time lessons began at 6 o'clock promptly for even then the people believed in the daylight saving plan. Indeed there was no electric light to take the place of daylight, so "early to rise and early to bed" was the slogan which was followed. William went to a grammar school we are told, where the head master, Walter Roche, worked hard to make the boys learn the lessons of the day. Master Roche received for his hard work only one hundred dollars a year. To be sure twenty-five cents in those days was worth almost as much as ten dollars is now, but can you think of a young school master buying not only his clothes but his books as well for that small sum?

The boys who went to school with William Shakespeare wore, as did he, a long and loose cloak hanging nearly to their ankles. Their arms were thrust thru short wide sleeves. Under the cloak was worn a close-fitting jerkin. Puffed hose stuck out from beneath the waist and reached to the thighs above long colored stockings. Their shoes were queer indeed, with bulgy toes and long ribbons of their own material tied about the boys' ankles. Very little is known about "little boy Will." It has been said that he knew "little Latin and less Greek," but when he grew to be a man he wrote plays and poems that have filled the hearts of the greatest scholars of all times with deep reverence and admiration.

The boys learned some very queer things in the little grammar school near Henley street. They were taught that "the blood of an elephant is the coldest blood in the world, and that dragons in the scorching heat of summer cannot get anything to cool them but this blood." The writing books of the boys were filled with texts from the Bible written in a crabbed crooked style. The signature of the great poet, which has been preserved for all to see shows the characteristics of this old English penmanship.

Whatever else Master Roche may or may not have taught his young pupils during the six years that William Shakespeare attended the Stratford Grammar School, he surely must have instilled in the heart of the boy Shakespeare a love for all that is fine and beautiful in life. The great genius that burned in the boy's heart was stirred and led into the paths of fancy and colorful imaginative wanderings, so that when he matured the flame spread its light about all the world to delight the hearts of all who worship at the poet's shrine.

■

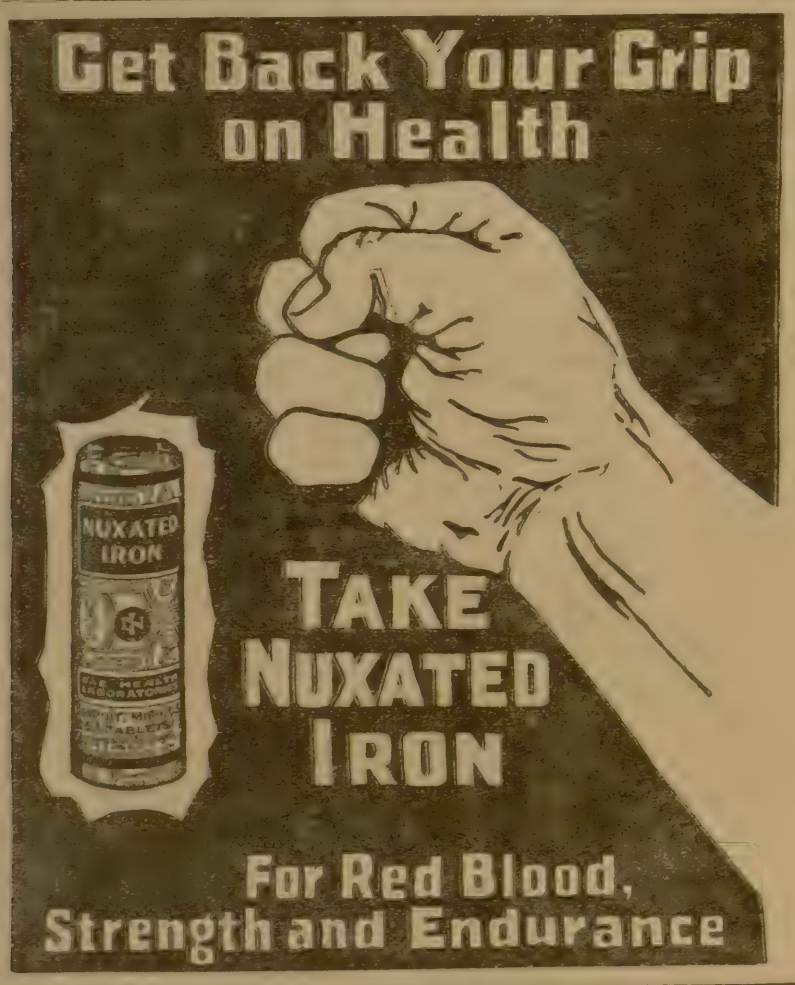
## Dad Heard Something.

LITTLE JOHNNY, who is of an inquiring turn, was having a quiet talk with his mother. Johnny wanted to know why Mr. Juggins married Mrs. Juggins. His mother wasn't able to tell very clearly. Johnny thought a while, and then asked:

"Mother, why did you marry my dad?"

"Johnny, I married your father because he saved me from drowning," replied his mother.

"I bet that's why dad's always tellin' me not to go in for swimmin'," said Johnny.


# You Can Have This Auto Free

A FINE new five passenger touring car will be given absolutely free to some one who acts right away. Wouldn't you be happy and proud to own this fine automobile? Think of the fun you can have taking your friends out riding. Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls all over the country are winning automobiles. As soon as they see the advertisement they go to work, solve the puzzle and so get a great big start in the contest.

### Solve the Puzzle

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In this picture are six partly-hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. It is not so easy to find the faces in this picture, but by twisting and turning the picture around they will be revealed to you. Can you find them?

### You Will Win

a prize if you do. Try it and don't give up, it will pay you. When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the picture and mail it to us. When your answer is received we will send you a beautiful surprise present—you will delight in owning this present.

### If You Are Quick You Can Have It

This test is to prove whether you are quick and give you a good head start, so solve the puzzle, mark the faces and write your name and address clearly on a piece of paper and inclose with it four cents in stamps to help pay the cost of mailing the Free Surprise Present we will send you. But that is not all. To give you a good head start, we will send you

### 2,000 Free Auto Votes

and tell you all about this splendid five passenger touring car and show you how you can get it if you are quick. There is no expense, no entrance fee. No lottery or game of chance.

### Other Rewards to All

This is the easiest and most liberal offer ever made. It is so arranged that every one who will do a little advertising for us will be richly rewarded. We will give away bicycles, tool boxes, cutlery, cameras, watches, sets of dishes, and many other presents too numerous to mention. Every one who does what we say gets a present, and if you do it well you get this automobile free in addition to the presents. Get your share of them.

### Don't Wait—Solve the Puzzle Today

Hurry! Find at least four of the partly-hidden faces in the picture, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the picture and coupon and mail it to us with four cents in stamps to help pay the cost of mailing expenses for the fine prize we will send you for solving the puzzle. Be sure to inclose your name and address. We will also give you 2,000 free votes toward winning the auto. There are no losers in this contest. You get prizes for everything you do. You can win this auto if you are quick.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, Auto Contest Puzzle Dept. 4, 500 North Dearborn St., CHICAGO

# Don't Wear A Truss!

**After Thirty Years' Experience We Have Produced an Appliance for Men, Women or Children That Cures Rupture.**

**WE SEND IT ON TRIAL**

If you have tried most everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon

The Above is C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks Cured Himself of Rupture Over 30 Years Ago and Patented the Appliance from His Personal Experience. If Ruptured, Write Today to the Brooks Appliance Co., Marshall, Mich.

today and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing our Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured, it gives instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

We send on trial to prove what we say is true. You are the judge and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as our hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try our Appliance or not.

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Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

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**$8.88** A very staple, stylish suit made of silk poplin. Collar is made of silk satin, jacket is gathered beneath the narrow belt. Bottom part of jacket is tailored in five fashionable tucks which form two serviceable pockets, trimmed with pearl buttons. Skirt is also tucked. SIZES, misses 14 to 18, ladies 32 to 44. COLORS, navy blue, black, green, burgundy, tan or rose.

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Compare our price with what you've seen elsewhere and you will be convinced that by ordering this suit you will save $10.00. Order today, as the price may be advanced any moment.

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Send your name and address and give size and color. We will send this price smashing silk suit bargain to you. When the postman delivers it at your door, pay him $8.88 only. We pay the delivery charges. If it does not please you in every way, return it and we will cheerfully refund your money. Order by number 257.

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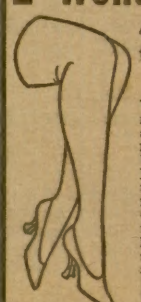
*The Bargain Mail Order House*



## 2 Wonderful Bargains



**4 Pairs of Men's Silk Socks for $1.00 Only, or 6 Pairs of Ladies' Silk Hose for $2.00**

THE LIBERTY HOSIERY CO. announces a special sale of Silk hose at the above astounding prices, direct from the mill, postpaid. May be had in the following colors: Black, French grey, navy blue, or tan cordovan. The ladies' hose are full fashioned, with seam in back. Commercially known as seconds, they have slight imperfections, hardly noticeable. If they were absolutely perfect they would sell around $1.25 a pair.

FIGURE WHAT YOU ARE SAVING. Our price during the sale, SIX PAIRS OF LADIES' PURE SILK HOSE FOR $2. MEN'S SILK SOX, FOUR PAIRS FOR $1. Worth double. Strong and durable, guaranteed to give good serviceable wear.

MAIL YOUR ORDER TO-DAY. State whether ladies' or men's required, also size and color. Send your order right now, as the quantity is limited, and you may be too late and miss the greatest bargain ever offered. WE GUARANTEE YOU WILL BE SATISFIED OR YOUR MONEY CHEERFULLY RETURNED IN FULL. Send postal card for other big values in Hosiery at wholesale prices.

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NR Tablets tone and strengthen organs of digestion and elimination, improve appetite, stop sick headaches, relieve biliousness, correct constipation. They act promptly, pleasantly, mildly, yet thoroughly.

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Open Legs, Ulcers, Enlarged Veins, Eczema healed while you work. Write for book "How to Heal my Sore Legs at Home." Describe your case.

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White dial. Nickel silvered frame. Simulated gold hands. Wrist band of black silk grosgrain ribbon with adjustable silver clasp. This is a real watch, has genuine Swiss movement and will keep good time. Is both attractive and convenient.

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## Cousin Bertie.

ANNIE and Harold found an old derby hat which needed a snowman to go under it, so they were hard at work when Johnnie Jones came running into their yard.

"Say!" said Johnnie. "I got a cousin at home who came from Georgia. Her great-grandpa kept slaves!"

Annie's eyes and Harold's eyes grew big.

"Don't you know what day this is?" asked Johnnie, who was 8 and went to school.

Annie and Johnnie had started at the beginning of school, but they had both had the measles, so they hadn't been to school for quite a while. Besides, Harold was only 7 and Annie was 6.

"It's Chewsday!" replied Harold. "I know 'cause yesterday was wash day."

"It's Abraham Lincoln's birthday!" cried Johnnie. "Abraham Lincoln set the slaves free. Cousin Bertie teached me a song which she learnt from her mammy down South. It goes like this, and it ought to make you remember 'bout Lincoln:

" 'In Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-four
De war! De war!
Abe Lincoln set the darkies free!
Hoorar! Hoorar!' "

Annie clapped her hands and laughed, because she thought it was a fine song and Johnnie had a nice, loud voice just like the phonograph.

"Sing it again!" she cried. "Sing it a whole lots of times!"

"Ask your mother if you can come over to my house and see Cousin Bertie," said Johnnie. "Cousin Bertie can't come out. She says she isn't used to such cold weather an' she's scared of the snow. Every morning my mother has to come in her room and light the gas stove before she'll get up!"

Of course, the two children rushed into the house to ask mother if they could go over to Johnny's house. Mother said: "Yes, dears, but don't stay too long."

Off the three ran across the street to Johnnie's house. Cousin Bertie was standing at the window with her nose squashed against the glass and when she saw the children she ran and opened the front door.

"B-r-r-r!" she shivered. "I should think you-all would be pretty nearly frozen stiff!"

"It's grand outside!" replied Johnnie. "You'd like it if you'd only try it!"

"I'm 'fraid I'd slip and fall down," said Cousin Bertie. "I'm 'fraid my toes would get a frost bite."

"You're 'fraid of lots of things, aren't you?" said little Annie. "I ain't 'fraid of the cold. We make snowmen and big, big snow balls—big as that!" And Annie spread out her arms as far as she could.

"You oughtn't to be 'fraid on Abe Lincoln's birthday!" said Johnnie. "Didn't you say your great-grandpa was brave and fought in the war?"

"He sure—'nuff did!" replied Bertie. "So did Uncle Stan and Uncle George!"

"Then you oughtn't to be a fraidcat!" said Johnnie. "You've got a nice, red muffler and red mittens and a fur cap."

Harold suddenly got a good idea for a game. He was clever, even if he hadn't been to school much.

"Let's play the cold is an enemy!" he cried. "Let's play we're fightin' him, and we'll throw snowballs at him and chase him all 'round the house!"

Bertie liked the idea. She thought it would be a good way to celebrate Abraham Lincoln's birthday, because it's a day when you naturally think about fighting and bravery. She really was afraid of the cold outside, because she was used to the warm South, and all day and every day she sat close beside the fire and shivered. As for getting her up in the morning, her Auntie declared it was like pulling teeth!

Well, pretty soon out ran Bertie all dressed in her warmest. Her auntie, Johnnie's mother, looked out of the window and said to herself: "I'm glad to see that child going out to play. I was afraid she'd get sick sitting still all day by the fire."

Meanwhile the children were chasing the enemy, old North Wind, all around the house. Johnnie was Abraham Lincoln—because he was the oldest and could run the fastest—Bertie was Stonewall Jackson—because she was from the South—Harold was General Grant, while Annie, who didn't know anything about history, but did know what she wanted to be, insisted that she was Little Red Riding Hood.

It didn't matter at all if General Grant and Stonewall Jackson fought side by side. "'Cause everybody is just plain United States now," Johnnie explained, "an' there isn't any more South or North or East or West!" (And he ought to know because he went to school every day except Saturdays and Sundays.)

What a fight the enemy did give these brave generals. First came Major Jack Frost and pinched Bertie's toe; then old General Snow tried to trip her up, while Captain North Wind blew harder than ever. But the brave army rushed on, and the first thing they knew Jack Frost stopped pinching—at least, his pinches grew awful weak—old General Snow got tramped all full of holes; Captain North Wind couldn't bite any more; indeed, he only succeeded in making Bertie's cheeks red as apples.

The enemy was all crowded up by the snow bank near the hedge now! They made snowballs and pelted him and pelted him.

"Ow-w-w-w!" he whooped, slipping up into the tip-top of the evergreen tree by the gate.

"I guess he's beaten now!" cried Bertie stopping. "I know I feel warmer than I've ever felt since I came here!"

So then the victors trooped laughing into the house, where Johnnie's mother greeted them, and she was so pleased to see how jolly and well Bertie looked that she gave them each a big thick slice of gingerbread.

"Bertie isn't 'fraid of the cold any more," explained Johnnie. "We fought him clear off, just like the generals fought in the war!"

"So you are like Abraham Lincoln after all!" said Johnnie's mother. "Don't you know, people who are afraid of something are slaves. You didn't know you were a slave, did you Bertie dear? I wonder if you're quite, quite free now!"

"You'll see, auntie!" cried Bertie. "Wait till it's time to get up tomorrow an' I won't have to have the gas stove lighted first!"

"Freedom forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!" shouted Johnnie laughing.

## A Famous Battle.

ON THE 17th of June, in the year 1825, there was laid near the city of Boston the cornerstone of a monument that was to commemorate the site of a famous battle. Just fifty years before, on June 17, 1775, the Battle of Bunker Hill had been fought and lost by the American "rebels." You will wonder why a battle that was lost to our cause should be remembered and the field of battle be marked with a great and beautiful monument, but when we tell you that that defeat was the most glorious of its kind and that the battle, tho lost, really meant the beginning of the great victory of the American Revolution, you will understand.

When Benjamin Franklin heard of the Battle of Bunker Hill and of the famous fight the American farmers had put up to hold the hill in the face of great odds and strong opponents, he said: "England has lost her colonies forever." And so she had, for from the day of the Battle of Bunker Hill the Colonies stood together more strongly than ever before. The Americans fought so bravely and learned to know their own power so well that in this battle there seems to have been raised the banner that pointed to their future success. In the midst of impending defeat did the Americans first fully realize that their cause was one, and then and there did their hearts unite for a common good. After this first test of their courage the enemy knew that forever more the Colonists would stand together thru thick and thin.

The monument that marks the site of the battlefield is splendid in its perfect simplicity. It is a granite shaft of great height that can be seen from all the country round about reminding all who see it of the brave men who risked all that the liberty and freedom which they held most dear should not be taken from them.

## An Apt Reminder.

"COME upstairs and let me wash your hands," said Winnie's mother.

"I don't want to go up," wailed Winnie, aged 3.

"Let her wash them down here," called grandma, "she can do it just as well."

"No," her mother said firmly, "I want her to come up with me."

Winnie came upstairs as slowly as possible. "Oh," she said, turning a wrathful face to her mother, "why don't you obey your mother?"

**Answer to Hardware Store Puzzle.**

1. Handle (Hand-L). 2. Hinges (H-in-GGs). 3. Plow (P-low). 4. Lawnmower. (L-on-M-oar).


## Don't Send a Penny

These Len-Mort Hard Knox, Black Leather Work and Out Door Shoes are "wizards" for wear—the absolute limit in strength combined with comfort and dressy appearance. Built on stylish lace Blucher last; drill-lined; leather insoles; guaranteed counters; 2 full solid leather soles—clinch nailed and sewed—running clear through to the solid, strong heels that won't come off. Note the rugged construction—the wear-defying quality built right in, giving protection at every point. So durable—so strong—so flexible, soft, easy on the feet! Is it any wonder that shoes like these outwear two or three pairs of the ordinary kind?

**$3.69** **Great Shoe Offer**

Much more than a mere work shoe. The snappy, clean cut style and dressy round toe make this model shoe suitable for almost any wear. You be the judge! Slip a pair on and let them do the talking. Send No Money. Just the coupon. Pay only $3.69 for shoes on arrival. If you don't find them the easiest, most comfortable and satisfactory shoes you ever wore, return them and we will refund your money. Sizes 6 to 11. Wide widths. Order No. AX1917. Do it now! Be sure to state size when ordering.

**Leonard-Morton & Co.,** Dept. 6749 **Chicago**

Send the Men's Work Shoes No. AX1917 I will pay $3.69 for shoes on arrival and examine them carefully. If not satisfied, will send them back and you will refund my money.

Name..... Size.....

Address.....



# TOO LATE

Death only a matter of short time. Don't wait until pains and aches become incurable diseases. Avoid painful consequences by taking

**GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES**

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—the National Remedy of Holland since 1696. Guaranteed. Three sizes, all druggists.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every and accept no imitation box



**Don't Endure PILES**

Write me and I will send you on trial a Full Treatment of my mild, soothing, guaranteed remedy for all forms of Piles which has proven a blessing to thousands who are now free from this cruel, torturous disease. Send me a post card today for Full Treatment. If results are satisfactory costs you $2.00. If not, costs nothing

**N. D. POWERS, Dept. 666, Battle Creek, Mich.**



**$5 BUYS 40 SHARES**

and a 5-acre Texas Oil lease, and reserves at present prices, 1,000 shares of oil stock for thirty days. In a company just organized.

Map of state showing location of our 3,500 acres of Proven and Semi-proven leases, checkerboarded in Eastland, Stephens, Palo Pinto, and 7 other good counties, sent with stock certificate and Leases.

GOLDEN EAGLE OIL COMPANY,
Drawer 1720 Fort Worth, Texas.



**ASTHMA**

Why suffer? Dr. Kinsman's Asthma Remedy gives instant relief. 25 years of success. 75c at all druggists. Avoid all substitutes. Trial Treatment Mailed Free. Write to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Hunt Block, Augusta, Maine



**Catarrh Treated Free**

10 days to prove quick relief. Dr. Coffee had catarrh of the nose, head, deafness and head noises; found treatment that gave complete relief; thousands have used it. Want you to try it free. DR. W. O. COFFEE, Inc. X1 Davenport, Iowa



## BOYS! Get 25 Customers

**For The Saturday Blade and Chicago Ledger**

We want boys everywhere to sell The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and "Lone Scout." Our agents make 2c profit on every Saturday Blade they sell, 2c on every Chicago Ledger and 2c on every "Lone Scout" they sell. Just a few minutes Friday afternoon or Saturday delivering to your regular customers.

**25 People Taking the Blade and Ledger Would Give You $1.00 a Week Profit.**

You can't lose. You do not send us any money until you sell the papers.

When you send your first report and if you are accepted by the Lone Scouts of America, the great boys' Organization that is without dues, we will pay for you the cost of sending you the Badge, Certificate of Membership and Booklet of Instructions. Just send me a postcard and say, "I will sell your papers," and sign your name and address carefully.

**W. D. BOYCE CO., Dept. 15, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago**

# HOT OFF THE JOKESMITH'S ANVIL

## Comforting.

A gentleman who was continually losing his collar button while dressing complained to his wife about it. With an ingenuity born of the use of hairpins she told him to hold his collar button in his mouth and he wouldn't lose it. This worked for several days, when one morning she was startled by an unusual commotion.

"What the matter?" asked the wife anxiously.

"I've swallowed the collar button," said the man.

"Well," responded his better half, "for once in your life you know where it is."

**Antebellum and Bellum.**

"A woman's life is divided into two great periods."

"Elucidate."

"The first she spends looking for a husband, and the second looking after him."

## Curbing Father.

Mrs. Von Speederly—"Why, if I didn't help Jack to save I don't know where we would land! The extravagant fellow would pay his creditors 30 cents on a dollar tomorrow if I would let him!"

**His Brother's Keeper.**

It was foolish of Snooks to make a wager that he would eat a peck of peas with a hatpin if his pet football team lost their match.

But, having done so, he had to stand to it.

"There's only one thing I ask," said he to the winner.

"What's that?" inquired the winner.

"If you're going to stand by and see that I eat all these beastly peas with a hatpin, I want you to admit that you won the bet and are insisting on its payment. Don't you pretend that you are my keeper!"

**Everything Ended.**

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., said in a discussion of the divorce evil:

"So many men are like Dr. Cutler. 'Doctor,' I said to him one day, 'how is it I never see you any more at the theater or restaurant with your former sweetheart, Miss Amanda?'

"'Oh, Amanda's married now,' said Dr. Cutler.

"'Indeed!' said I. 'To whom?'

"'To me,' said Dr. Cutler."

**Fair Substitute.**

"How is it that Arthur never takes you to the theater nowadays?" queried Marie.

"Well, you see," her friend replied, "one evening it rained and we sat in the parlor."

"Yes?"

"Well, ever since that we—oh, I don't know—but don't you think that theaters are an awful bore?"

## Revenge Is Sweet.

Teacher—"Willie, what's your greatest ambition?"

Willie—"To wash mother's ears."

**Flush.**

Jones thought he would save a little money by patronizing one of those cheap barber schools. The apprentice who lathered him was quite communicative.

"The boss is pretty strict," he confided. "He won't tolerate carelessness. Why, every time we cut a customer's face we are fined a quarter."

Then he added, brandishing his razor: "However, I don't give a rap today; I just won $5 on a bet."

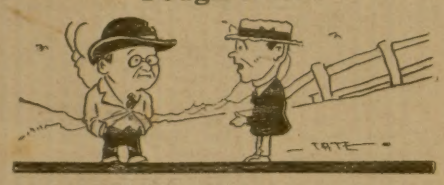
**Appropriate.**

"I see where a number of wealthy Americans sojourning in Cuba have formed a club."

"What do they call their organization?"

"The 'Tank Corps.'"

## Tough Luck.



"I've just heard that your little boy got run over. How did it happen?"

"He was picking up a horseshoe for luck."

**Called His Bluff.**

He had just hung out his shingle. That morning a stranger entered. The doctor asked to be excused as he hurried to the 'phone.

Taking down the receiver, he said: "Yes, this is Dr. Whoosit. Yes, I will be ready for you at 2:10 this afternoon. But please be prompt for I am very busy. Two hundred dollars? Yes, that was the estimate I gave you."

Hanging up the receiver, he turned to the stranger and rubbing his hands, asked: "Now, sir, what can I do for you?"

"Nothing," replied the stranger, quietly. "I only came in to connect up the telephone."

**Warmer Than That.**

The story is going the rounds that when in New York recently Harold Lloyd stepped into one of the New York shops and asked to be shown a certain kind of overcoat.

"How much?" asked the movie man.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars," was the reply.

"Nothing doing! Take it away," said Mr. Lloyd firmly.

"Why, you can afford it," the salesman said, unwilling to lose the sale.

"Sure I can," replied Mr. Lloyd, "but I'm darned if I'm that cold."

**Ye Olden Days.**

Bulow—"Harvey is quite an old-timer, isn't he?"

Gris—"I should say so! He says he can remember when a person could make a statement regarding some National question and two or three men would immediately agree with him."

## An Auto Kid.

"I suppose you can spell all the short words, Bobbie?"

"I can spell a lot of big ones, too. I can spell words of four cylinders."

**Prophetic.**

"So she's broken her engagement?"

"Yes."

"What was the trouble?"

"Well, he wanted to discontinue taking her home in taxicabs and save the money for wedding expenses, and she decided that a man who wanted to economize that badly before marriage would be too stingy to get along comfortably with after the wedding."

**Fair Warning.**

"Now, looky yur, paw!" ominously said young Bearcat Johnson of Bumpus Ridge, Ark., addressing his sire, "I busted your pipe, all right, and then owned up to it. Now, dad-burn it, if you don't quit cussing and yelling about it pretty soon you'll get me mad!"

**GETTING READY FOR THE DANCE.**

Old Mother Hubbard,
She went to the cupboard
To get a fair daughter a dress.
When she got there
The cupboard was bare—
And so was her daughter—I guess.

**His Day.**

"Times have changed," said the buck-private-that-was, with a grin.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Life looks mighty good to me today. I've got three second lieutenants taking orders from me now."

**Failed to Amuse.**

Netty—"Hear you have thrown Bob over."

Betty—"Yes, he was such a poor letter-writer. I was ashamed to show his love letters to the girls."

## Brain Teasers.

**Charade.**

308—My first is a pronoun in the objective case; my second is a vowel; my third is a verb meaning to place down; my fourth is a conjunction; my whole is a range of mountains.

**Numerical Problem.**

309—A thousand and the letter "a" and six and a thousand will give you the name of a Biblical character who soothed a nervous king by playing on the harp. It is also the name of two Scottish kings.

**Enigma.**

310—My first is in slay, but not in weigh.
My second is in wail, but not in pale.
My third is in bale, but not in nail.
My fourth is in earth, but not in mirth.
My fifth is in crack, but not in quack.
My sixth is in throne, but not in crown.
My seventh is in yes, but not in guess.
My eighth is in brick, but not in quick.
My ninth is in sleigh, but not in sway.
My tenth is in light, but not in bright.
My eleventh is in blow, but not in throw.
My whole was rung to proclaim liberty.

**Four-word Square.**

311—A covering for the foot.
2. The home of the bee.
3. Egg shaped.
4. A kind of fish.

**ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.**

**304. Concealed Presidents.**

1. Roosevelt. 2. Lincoln. 3. Grant. 4. Cleveland. 5. Taylor. 6. Adams.

**305. Three-letter Biblical Squares.**

| 1 | 2 |
|---|---|
| J O B | L O T |
| O R E | O N E |
| B E G | T E A |

**306. Tree Additions.**

1. Alder-Leader. 2. Poplar-Popular. 3. Larch-Rachel. 4. Fir-Fair. 5. Lime-Smile. 6. Plane-Planet. 7. Palm-Psalm.

**307. Double Decapitations.**

1. Abroad - Broad - Road. 2. Struck-Truck-Ruck. 3. Plover-Lover-Over. 4. Slink-Link-Ink. 5. Prelate-Relate-Elate. 6. Plash-Lash-Ash.

**It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.**

**All That Saved Him.**

The Literary Editor—"That young fellow Scribbler sent in a paper this morning, entitled, 'Why Do I Live?'"

The Editor—"What did you do with it?"

The Literary Editor—"Returned it with an enclosed slip, saying, 'Because you mailed this instead of bringing it personally!'"

**When They Lie.**

"Figures won't lie!" declared the statistician.

"Maybe you're right," answered the mild-mannered citizen. "And yet, somehow, I can't put implicit faith in the numbers that go up on a taxicab register."

**Horse Sense.**

How did Blank lose the fingers of his right hand?"

"Put them in the horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had."

"And then what happened?"

"The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers Blank had."

**The Cornerstone.**

Hoyle—"I am writing a moving-picture scenario."

Doyle—"How far have you progressed?"

Hoyle—"Well, I have begun with the kiss at the end."

## Easy.

Teacher—"Can you tell me how many commandments there are?"

Pupil—"Ten."

"And what happens when you break one."

"There are nine left."

## Method in It.

"Henry!"

Mrs. Brown's voice was stern. Mr. Brown recognized the signs of a coming storm, so he prepared to listen.

"I saw Gerald—our boy—smoking a pipe today—actually a dirty, smelly pipe!" the poor woman ended with a sob.

"Well, what can we do?" exclaimed her husband. "The boy's 17 and has $2 a week pocket money. I don't see——"

"You mean to say that you will allow him to smoke? Why, it's sheer madness!"

Henry nodded. Then, after witnessing the unique spectacle of his wife speechless for once, he strolled off into the garden, where he came across Gerald in a corner with his pipe going full blast.

"Hello, my boy!" he cried. "This is something new, isn't it? Er—by the way, I've left my pouch in the house. Can you give me a fill?"

Then he, as he walked away puffing happily, murmured:

"It may be madness, but there's method in it. I can see Gerald's pouch being quite a money-saver to poor old dad."

## In Trouble.

Mother—"What are you doing to poor dolly, child?"

Child—"I'm just going to put her to bed, mummy. I've taken off her hair, but I can't get her teeth out."

**Dangerous Route to Heaven.**

Down in southern Oklahoma, after the cotton crops are laid by, it is the custom of the colored population to hold big camp meetings. At one of these the minister was talking of the great joys of Heaven. One of the brethren became very much excited and began shouting: "Praise de Lawd! Praise de Lawd! How I does wish I'se a June bug! I'd spread my wings and fly away to Heaven."

At this one of the sisters sprang up and said: "Why, Bruddah Mose, one o' dem woodpeckers would be sho to git yo' on de way."

**The Father of Five.**

"I see you have employed a bouncer."

"Yes," said the editor of the Toadvine Argus. "We suddenly decided we needed one.'

"What happened?"

"A wild-eyed citizen came into the—er—sanctum the other day, with a shotgun in one hand and an ax in the other and demanded to see the fellow who had been writing articles for the paper on how to support a family of five of $1,800 a year."

**The Merchant of Venice.**

With characteristic avarice, Shylock demanded his pound of flesh.

Then of a sudden, a thought struck him.

"Oh, noble judge," he fawned, leering; "if it's all the same to the court, I think I'll take three and a half of granulated sugar instead."—Judge.

**The Main Trouble.**

Tramp—"Yes, lady, my folks, when they died, left me a lot of money."

Kind Old Lady—"Well, if they did, why do you go around begging?"

Tramp—"The trouble is, lady, they didn't tell me where they left it, and consequently I never found it."

**Relieved.**

Relieved Millyuns—"A great load has been lifted from my mind. I was afraid the iceman was in love with my cook."

Flubdub—"And he isn't?"

Millyuns—"No; I have discovered that he merely wants to marry my daughter."

**Phosphorescent.**

"The laborers of today remind me of the old-fashioned parlor matches."

"You mean they're dangerous to have around loose?"

"Rather, and they strike anywhere."

**TOO SLOW.**

He took her rowing on the lake,
She vowed she'd go no more—
I asked her why—her answer came:
"He only hugged the shore."

**Too Low a Bid.**

"A penny for your thoughts, my child."

"Thoughts have gone up, like everything else, ma."

*Coming—In Three Weeks—The Great Mystery Number of the Ledger!*

# CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

**Information**—The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

## AGENTS WANTED

**WATER STILLS, MADE ENTIRELY OF** heavy copper, one and three gallon capacity, prices $25.00 and $40.00 respectively. Shipped, prepaid, by express or parcel post the same day we receive your order. Ideal for distilling water for automobile batteries, industrial uses, and drinking purposes. Boyer & Co., Dept. M 519, Farnam Bldg., Omaha, Nebraska.

**OUR MEN EARN $150 TO $500 PER MONTH** selling wonderful series of uncensored stereographs of the late World War. Everybody interested; a sure money-maker, endorsed by men like Edison. Exclusive territory contract to live wires. Write today. Underwood and Underwood, Inc., Dept. B.B., 417 Fifth Ave., New York.

**AGENTS: SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED** 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days; profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug prepaid $1.39. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

**AGENTS—WE OFFER YOU $8 A DAY SELL**ing new concentrated soft drinks; great summer hit; 30c bottle makes 32 glasses; all flavors; just add water; lightning seller; small package; carry in pocket; outfit furnished free; send postal today. American Products Co., 2451 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

**EARN EASILY $10 DAILY AND MORE DIS**tributing established line summer drinks, foods, flavoring extracts, soaps, toilet preparations. Write for complete "Wonder Outfit." Crofts & Reed, 424 Clairmont Ave., Chicago.

**AGENTS AND REPRESENTATIVES WANT**ed in your State to handle sales for the biggest selling auto specialty in America. Wonderful repeater. Write today. Eastern Auto Specialty Co., Dept. M, Utica, N. Y.

**AGENTS — MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR.** Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

**AGENTS, $40 to $100 A WEEK. FREE SAM**ples. Gold sign letters anyone can put on store windows. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431 M, North Clark, Chicago.

**TIRE AGENTS. EXCLUSIVE REPRESEN**tatives to use and sell Mellinger extra-ply tires. Guarantee bond 8,000 miles. Factory prices. Sample sections furnished. Mellinger Tire Company, 972 Oak, Kansas City, Missouri.

**SAMPLES SENT WITHOUT CHARGE TO** take orders for our beautiful low-priced percale house dresses; any woman can make a good salary using spare time. Dundee Mfg. Co., Inc., 119 Edinboro St., Boston, Mass.

**AGENTS—LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS** agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes, clothing, etc. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

**SELL INSYDE TYRES, GENUINE INNER** armor for auto tires; double mileage; prevents punctures and blowouts; tremendous demand. American Accessories Company, Dept. 126, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**BIG PROFITS SELLING JUBILEE SPARK** Intensifiers to auto owners, garages. Banishes spark plug trouble. Saves gas. Exclusive territory. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 220 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

**AGENTS: SELL NEVERFAIL IRON RUST** and stain remover. Huge profits. Big line. Sample. Write to-day. Sanford-Beal Co. Inc., Dept. 8, Newark, N. Y.

**AGENTS DOUBLE YOUR MONEY!** Polmet polishing cloth cleans all metals. Retails 25 cents. Sample free. F. C. Gale & Co., Inc., 15 Edinboro St., Boston.

**AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET AR**ticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

**AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME** that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

**AGENTS — WONDERFUL SELLER,** 96c profit every dollar sales. License unnecessary. No stock to carry. Sample free. Mission Bead Co., Factory, Los Angeles, Cal.

**SELL NECESSITIES. EVERYBODY NEEDS** and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared $800.00 in July. Send for sample. It's free. Nichols & Co., Box 8B, Naperville, Ill.

**AGENTS — WATER-PROOF KITCHEN AP**ron. Every housewife buys. Dainty, durable, economical, acid-proof, grease-proof. Sample free. Thomas Co., 2111 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

**ENORMOUS PROFITS SELLING TO COL**ored people. No capital needed. We trust you. Write for our attractive proposition. Sent free. Tono Scalpa Co., Inc., Richmond, Va.

**AGENTS—"STICK-ON" LOCKS RENDER** open windows absolutely burglar-proof—sale season now on, act quick; sample 25 cents. Transo Co., Greenville, Ohio.

**AGENTS—BIG PROFITS—EXTRACTS,** spices, perfumes, etc. 10c brings sample. Particulars free. "Taymor," V-408 W. 115th, New York.

**WANTED—LIVE WIRES FOR POPULAR** profitable article; small capital required which you handle; get details. American Polphone, 6 E. Lake St., Chicago.

**MAKE $15.00 DAILY SELLING RUBBER**ized, waterproof aprons, shampoo jackets. Sample 90c. Hill & King, Gas Building, Chicago.

**AUTO LOCKS—AGENTS WANTED.** PATents—farms, trades. Bonds, loans. Willett Abstract Adjusters, Louisville, Ky.

## HELP WANTED

**YOUR GOVERNMENT WANTS HUNDREDS** railway mail clerks—men—women over 17. $1,600-$2,300 year. List positions open—free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 29, Rochester, N. Y.

**EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT** to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

## SHORT STORIES WANTED

**WRITE PHOTOPLAYS: $25-$300 PAID** anyone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary; complete outline free. Producers League, 430 St. Louis.

## MALE HELP WANTED

**RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTORS EARN** from $110 to $200 per month and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. We train you. Positions furnished under guarantee. Write for booklet CM-12, Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

**FIELD LABOR GUIDE. INFORMATION FOR** farm hands, harvest hands, cornhuskers and others; club organization explained; price two dimes. Address Guide Company, Lincoln, Neb.

**EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT** to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

**BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY;** travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 300 Lucas, St. Louis.

**FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN,** $140-$200; colored porters, by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

**MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN**necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

**LEARN ACCOUNTING OR RATE CON**struction at home. Big pay. Steady employment. Particulars free. Federal Railway Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

**BECOME DETECTIVES—BIG PAY; EASY** work; free particulars. Captain Wagner, 186 East 79th, New York.

**MEN—BOYS, BECOME MOTOR EXPERTS.** $45 week. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. A 804, Rochester, N. Y.

**BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR**tunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

## FEMALE HELP WANTED

**WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PRE**paid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

**WOMEN—GIRLS—BECOME DRESS-GOWN** designers. $150 month. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 854, Rochester, N. Y.

## MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

**EARN $25.00 TO $50.00 DAILY. NO EXPE**rience required. Small investment buys standard professional machine, film, supplies, complete stationary or traveling equipments, all ready for work. Easy payments. Your choice of three lighting systems. Openings everywhere. Large catalog free. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Dept. 527, Ellsworth Bldg., Chicago.

**LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS** business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

## MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

**FARMSEEKERS' ATTENTION—USE YOUR** credit with us and buy a farm home. 10 to 160 acres of hardwood land in Kalkaska and Antrim counties, Michigan. $15 to $35 per acre. Small down payments; easy monthly terms. Close to schools, churches, markets, railroads, towns, and neighbors. No swamps or stones. Raise fruit, grain, poultry or stock. Settlers tax-free for five years. Warranty deed and abstract of title with every purchase. Write for free booklet. Swigart Land Co., X1245 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

## FARMS WANTED

**WANTED. HEAR FROM OWNER. FARM** for sale. Price, description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

## AUTOMOBILE TIRES

**BUY YOUR FAVORITE TIRES BY MAIL** at wholesale price and save 35 to 50 percent. Immediately write for free wholesale price list. Akron Tire Sales Co., Dept. E, Davenport, Iowa.

## PET STOCK

**RAISE GUINEA PIGS FOR US. WE FUR**nish stock, show you how, buy all you raise. Big demand—easily raised—pay big. Contract and full particulars free. Cavies Distributing Co., 3150 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

## SONG POEMS WANTED

**SONG-WRITERS MANUAL AND GUIDE** sent free! Contains valuable instructions and advice. Submit song-poems for examination. We will furnish music, copyright and facilitate publication or sale. Knickerbocker Studios, 306 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

**WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE** write music; guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on patriotism, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 920 South Michigan Ave., Suite 106, Chicago.

**YOU WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG.** We'll compose the music free and publish same. Send song poem today. E. Lenox Co., 271 W. 125th St., New York.

## MUSIC

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